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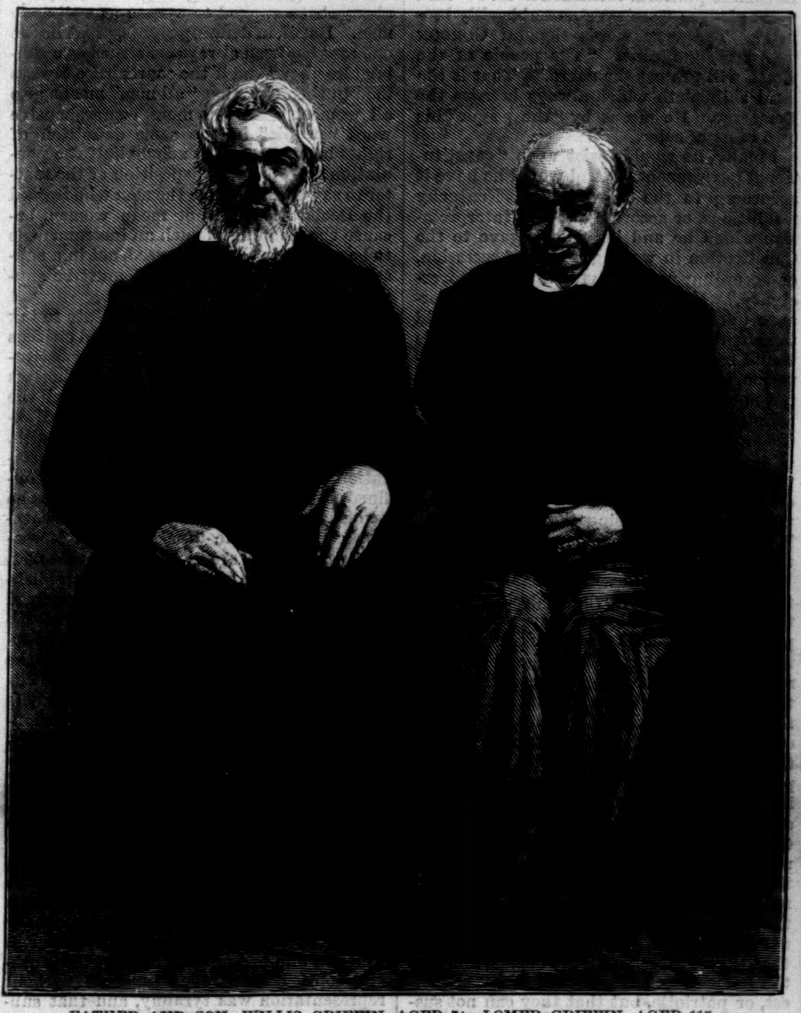
OUR OLDEST INHABITANT.

The oldest man in the Union, in all probability, is Mr. Lomer Griffin, of Lodi, Medina County, Ohio, whose portrait, with that of his third son, Willis Griffin, we give on this page. Reports differ a little as to Mr. Griffin's precise age. His present wife, his third, whom he married about twenty-five years ago, allots him a hundred and three years; but other evidences and testimony make him out to be about a hundred and fifteen. He was born on the 22d of April, 1759, or thereabout, at Granby, Litchfield County, Connecticut. In spite of his advanced age, he is still hale and intelligent, and well remembers the localities and scenes of his early days. He recalls distinctly the departure of his brothers, one younger than himself, for the Revolutionary army, to take part in the great contest for independence and liberty, while he remained behind to assist in taking care of the homestead.

Mr. Griffin has always taken an active interest in public affairs. Strange to say, he appears to have missed voting for General Washington, his first vote, so far as can be gathered from his own conversation, having been cast for John Adams. Since then he has acted with the Whig and Republican parties. There is nothing peculiar in his personal habits. He has lived plainly, in farmer style; has never used tobacco in any shape; but for about a century was accustomed to take his bitters with great regularity, until the "crusaders" induced him to quit the practice. It is said, however, that the old gentleman's chief reason for "swearing off" was the high price of whisky, and that he intends to resume whenever it comes down to the old rates. About forty years ago he lost his right arm by the fall of a tree, but still works in his garden, swings an axe quite easily with his left hand, and still shaves himself. His wit is still quite keen. He rather dislikes to be bothered by inquiries about his age, and when a newspaper interviewer questioned him too closely a short time since about Noah's ark and the Tower of Babel, the old gentleman quite testily resented the impertinence, and advised the interviewer to "go West and kill grasshoppers." But after a little persuasion and coaxing he became quite communicative, and talked without reserve of his early days and experiences, of the times when only a narrow strip of territory along our eastern sea-board was inhabited, and the greater part of our country was still in the hands of the dusky and savage aborigines. What wonderful changes have taken place all over the world in politics, science, and the industrial arts since he was old enough to take an interest in the progress of public affairs! He has lived through changes which we know only from books, and with his own eyes has witnessed the growth of America from its colonial state to its present commanding position among the great nations of the world. An effort will be made to have Mr. Griffin present at the Centennial celebration next year. There are no present indications that he will "stop living" for a long time yet.



FATHER AND SON—WILLIS GRIFFIN, AGED 74; LOMER GRIFFIN, AGED 115.
[From a Photograph by W. H. Cunningham, Lodi, Ohio.]

POLAR BEARS.

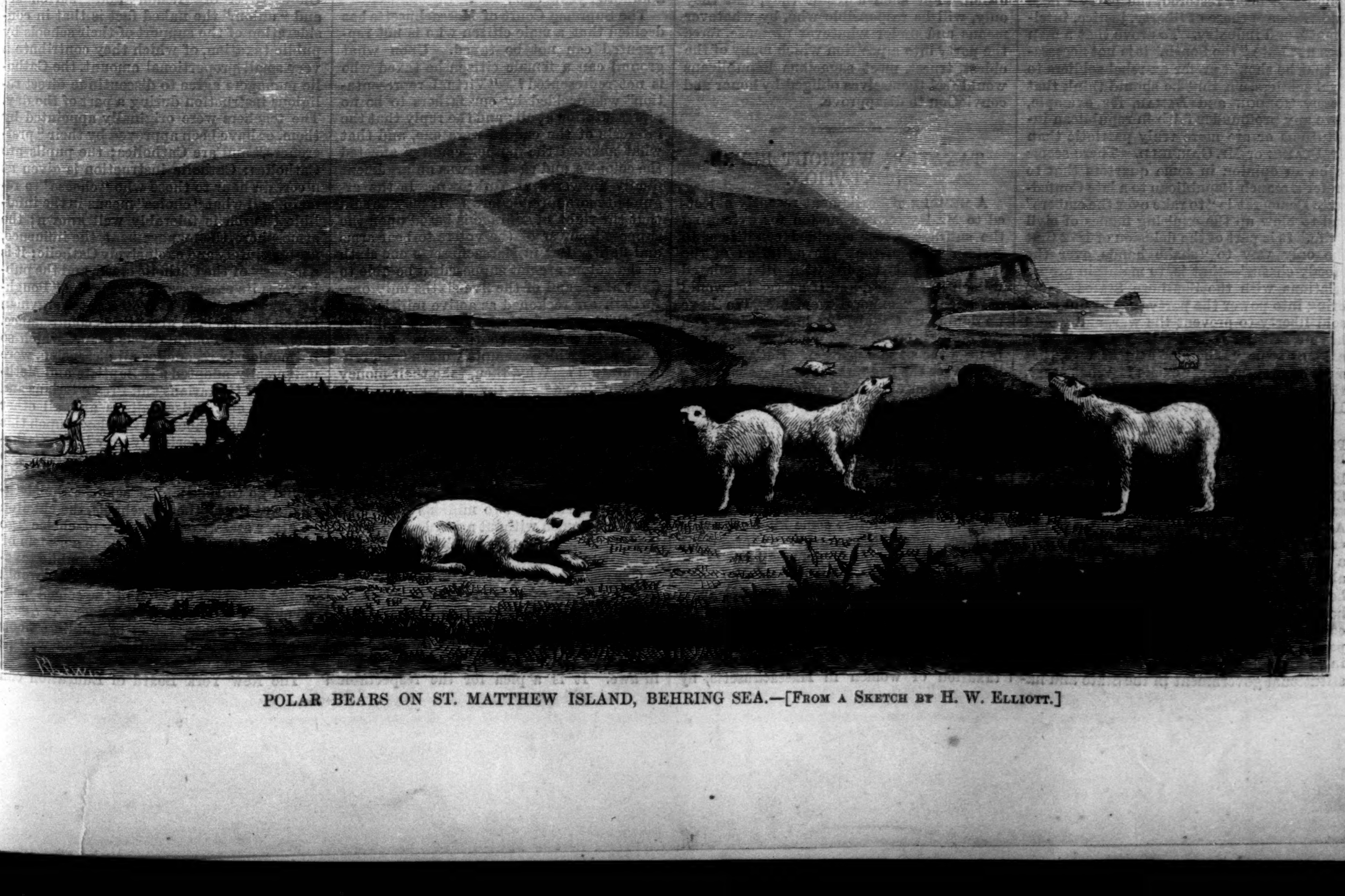
Mr. H. W. Elliott, special agent of the government in Alaska, has kindly sent us the accompanying sketch, which he made during a voyage in Behring Sea last summer, and the following interesting note:

"We landed on St. Matthew Island early on a cold gray August morning, and judge of our astonishment at finding hundreds of large polar bears roaming about on the little island, lazily sleeping in grassy hollows, or digging up grass and other roots, browsing like hogs, and hunting walrus or seal along the beaches and under the cliffs.

"At first landing, with sixteen of the bears directly in view, we felt some considerable excitement, mingled with a little nervous apprehension, for tales of the strength and ferocity of these animals came suddenly with disagreeable plainness to the mind; but at the first volley from our breech-loading rifles one of the bears fell, and the others made off with astonishing rapidity, and during the five or six days we spent here we were never molested by them, although they were always in view on every side.

"They were very fat, and seemed to take the greatest delight in sprawling out in sleep or play upon the thick mats of circumpolar grasses and flowers which grow here in great profusion and beauty; they moved about like so many cattle, and strongly resembled them as they fed upon the herbage."

St. Matthew, or Gore Island, as it is sometimes called, where the foregoing incident occurred, is situated in Behring Sea, about midway between America and Asia, and south of the larger island of St. Lawrence. It is about twenty-eight miles in length, and quite narrow. As may be gathered from Mr. Elliott's curious experience, its inhabitants are chiefly seals, walruses, and polar bears. The latter make it a kind of summer resort where they can conveniently prey upon their weaker neighbors; but they seem to have a wholesome dread of fire-arms.



POLAR BEARS ON ST. MATTHEW ISLAND, BEHRING SEA.—[From a Sketch by H. W. Elliott.]

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We receive frequent complaints of the extortions of the news-dealers on railway trains in charging fifteen cents a copy for HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR. The best way to remedy the evil is to subscribe directly for these periodicals, as well as for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, either of which will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing the Oration delivered by MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS *at Concord, Massachusetts, on the One-Hundredth Anniversary of "Concord Fight," with graphic pictures of scenes and incidents connected therewith.*

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SENATOR GORDON'S PLATFORM.

GENERAL GORDON, of Georgia, is the leading Democratic Senator from the Southern States, and, with Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi, spoke in New Hampshire just before the late election. The two gentlemen were selected for the service probably because they are courteous and conciliatory in speech, and show a sagacity in observing the necessities of the political situation which is supposed to be essential to Democratic success. Their presence in New Hampshire had, however, an effect which was not expected by the managers. It served undoubtedly to force home upon the minds of the people of that State the question whether they were ready to invite to the control of the government a party whose representative leaders, however honorable personally, were leaders in the late war for the destruction of the Union. It was probably a conviction of this fact that led Senator GORDON, in a late interview, to say that the time had not yet come to nominate for the Presidency an ex-rebel soldier. The Richmond *Whig* also says that "it would not do."

It seems to be very difficult for many persons to understand that while there is no vindictiveness of feeling whatever in this part of the country toward the late enemies of the government, while there is no disposition to insist upon a harsh or revengeful policy, and a constant consciousness that the lately divided country must be and will be hereafter united upon a better understanding than has ever existed, there is also no pusillanimity nor blindness, but a perfectly clear perception of the truth that the government should remain in the control of the party that represents sincere and proved fidelity to the principles upon which the Union has been restored, the party whose traditions are those of liberty, justice, intelligence, and industry. To prove that a man does not hate "the South," it is not necessary that he should prefer ex-rebel soldiers to loyal soldiers, nor that he should think that Messrs. GORDON and LAMAR, for example, have any profounder faith in republican institutions or are more truly patriotic than Mr. BLAINE or Mr. GARFIELD. There seems to be an opinion in some quarters that to prefer a stanch Republican to a late Confederate Democrat is "to rake over the embers" and to blow up the expiring flames of civil strife. It is part of the delusion of 1872 that the only way to "shake hands over the bloody chasm"—that is, to maintain proper relations with the Southern States—is to bring into power the party that would have sold liberty to prevent the war, and would have sacrificed justice to buy peace. Is it said, as some "Liberals" said in 1872, that such a party no longer exists? What party, then, elects FERNANDO WOOD and Senators EATON and COCKRELL to Congress?

We are told that the country wishes "the policy" of the Democratic party. But nobody knows what that policy is. The only point upon which there is any revelation or general agreement is, as we have already said, virtual support of the White League. As General GORDON was chosen as a Democratic orator in New Hampshire, his view of a proper policy is as instructive and valuable as that of any Democratic leader, and he has imparted it to a reporter. He would have the Democrats declare for honesty and concord; make a definite pledge that "the people of the South" will protect the negro in all his rights; and finally, insist upon constitutional government in the State and nation. This platform, with a good candidate, he thinks would carry the country. But as for the first point, honesty, we are not aware that experience has shown it to be a distinctive quality of Democratic administration, either in the government of the city of New York, or in that of the country under its last Democratic President. As for "concord," why is it to be especially expected of a party which feels that it is of paramount necessity to pledge itself in the same breath that it will not countenance the massacre and oppression of fellow-citizens? If the recognized practice of the party is "concord" with all white and all black citizens, why announce it as a policy? But if it is not the Democratic practice, who will credit it as a policy? The pledge which General GORDON would have his party give is a confession that the Republican charge against that party is true, and that there is Democratic acquiescence in the oppression of the negro. Besides, what distincter pledge, what fairer promise, could his party offer than its Baltimore platform furnished in 1872? And what pledges were ever more bloodily broken? The very words General GORDON uses are significant. "The people of the South will protect the negro." That is the fatal shibboleth which always betrays the Democrat. He means by "the people" his own caste of color.

Finally, he would insist upon "constitutional government." And would he have it according to the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, or according to the interpretation which he and his friends gave to the Constitution in waging a war of secession, or according to Mr. EATON'S "State sovereignty," which is the last Democratic utterance upon the subject? And why should the country suppose that he and his friends would respect the new parts of the Constitution, in their spirit as well as in their letter, more truly than those who framed and adopted them? Indeed, there is nothing in General GORDON'S suggestions of a Democratic policy which the very stanchest Republicans do not maintain, while the action of the Democrats has afforded no reason whatever for supposing that such a policy is regarded by them as more than a promise to insnare the unwary.

General GORDON will probably see that the election of 1876 will be decided not by the promises made by any party, but by the perception of the character of the men and the influences that control the Republican nomination. The people know the traditions and tendencies and elements and spirit that necessarily lie behind any Democratic candidate whatever. They know also that the Republican party contains the sound, progressive, intelligent element, thoroughly in sympathy with the American principle and with the renewed spirit of the Constitution, which ought to control the government, now that the war has swept away all the reason that the Democratic party had for existing at all. But if they see that that element in the Republican party does not command it, every thing seems to show that they will undoubtedly decide, not that the Democratic party is more trusty, or honest, or patriotic, but that they can not sustain a party which, while retaining the Republican name, betrays the Republican tradition. For such a result they, and they only, will be responsible who, by whatever means and under whatever pretense, force the party into a position which many of the oldest, truest, most sagacious Republicans would feel themselves obliged by honor and conviction to disapprove.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

A MEMBER of Parliament recently objected to Mr. FAWCETT'S motion for extending the suffrage, under specified conditions, to certain women, that the agitation of the whole subject began with ill-regulated women in America, and if successful would enfranchise "immoral women." We have no doubt the Canal Ring in New York and the liquor interest every where would gravely urge the same objection. But we should like to see the honorable member answering the question why, if immoral women ought not to be allowed to tax themselves, immoral men should be allowed to tax them. Indeed, the only ground for supposing that there is even any plausible ground whatever for disfranchising adult, orderly, and intelligent tax-payers because of their sex, is the fact that no good reason has ever been offered, and that therefore some kind of hostile instinct must be assumed: an argument which will probably be sufficient with that class of political sentimentalists who have a "national antipathy" to colored people.

The discussion of the question of equal suffrage among tax-paying adults has recently received a very valuable contribution in the form of a pamphlet upon the taxation of women in Massachusetts, by WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH—a little work full of the results of interesting research and of a very trenchant logic. As the Centennial year arrives, and the long and glorious series of celebrations begins commemorating the war that was fought in vindication of the principle of no taxation without representation, Mr. BOWDITCH takes occasion to ask the pertinent question, Upon what ground does the State of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill deny representation to more than half of its adult citizens, who pay one-tenth or one-eleventh of the taxes? The Massachusetts Declaration of Rights declares that no tax shall be levied without the consent of the people or their representatives; and are not women people? If it be replied that the word is used to define a certain political class, the answer is that in the same Declaration the words "all men are born free and equal" have been held by the highest courts in the State to include women, and by force of that clause slave women were freed. So the word "his" in the clause guaranteeing religious liberty has always been applied to women as well as to men. But if, in defining rights, "his" in the one case has been always construed as meaning also "her," and if the courts have always held in the other that "all men" means also all women, shall the more comprehensive word "people" in the same definition of rights be supposed to exclude half the population? It is not a disposition of the matter to say that of course the men who framed the Declaration did not mean women, because the meaning of such an instrument is to be sought in the words used, not in a subsequent theory as to what it must be supposed to have been.

But, again, the power of the State to tax unrepresented property-holders and citizens needs to be demonstrated. The Constitution of Massachusetts, indeed, authorizes the Legislature to impose taxes upon all the inhabitants and persons resident and all estates situate within the Commonwealth. But is not this power limited by the Declaration of Rights? And if so, is it not confined, so far as persons are concerned, to the residents who personally or by representation consent to the taxation? All Massachusetts women are citizens, and this fact, if there were any question of it, is established by the qualifying word "male" prefixed to the word citizens in an amendment, the qualification showing that there may be female citizens as well as male. Then all the tax-paying women of Massachusetts are citizens taxed without their consent. But is this lawful? Can citizens be constitutionally taxed in that State without their consent? The lawful way for citizens to express their consent is by voting. But if they are deprived of the power of voting for representatives, they are prevented from giving their consent, for the people who are taxed can give their consent only through their own representatives, not through those of other people. A hundred years ago the few people who voted in England may have chosen to tax other people who lived in America and had not voted. But those other people insisted that taxation without representation was tyranny, and that submission to it was slavery. Are those acts any less tyranny and slavery than they were a hundred years ago?

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a male citizen who is not represented can not be taxed. Upon what ground can a female citizen be taxed who is not represented? "Virtual representation" was decided by our fathers to be no representation at all; and the reply that the interests of the empire were one, and that what affected the mother country affected the colonies, and *vice versa*, was an argument finally answered at Yorktown. Is the argument more forcible now? It may be said that the right of suffrage is based upon the supposed power of the voters to bear arms and fight. But in Massachusetts one-sixth of the voters are not supposed to be able to fight at all, and of the five-sixths only one-fortieth are reckoned as active militia, and the thirty-nine-fortieths are only liable to service in a remote contingency. Or is it "chivalry" which exempts women from representation? Why, then, take their money without leave? Is that also chivalrous? Every tax-paying man in Massachusetts saves an eleventh of his taxes by the taxation of women. There is not a man in Massachusetts who does not through his representative assent to the taking of every penny that he gives in taxes. But he and the other men take two millions of dollars from the women without a word. It "is the inexpressible meanness of the thing," says Mr. BOWDITCH.

Our readers will see that this pamphlet is not the work of one of the ill-regulated women to whom the honorable member of Parliament attributes the agitation of the question, and that it does not plead for the "immoral" women of whom he stands in awe. It is a plea for the respectable property-holding class—a class dear to the Parliamentary mind. It merely asks the sons of the heroes of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill whether taxation without representation is or is not tyranny.

"THE POUGHKEEPSIE PLAN."

THE decision of the Board of Education upon the request of the parochial schools to be received among the public schools may be made known by the time that this paper is issued. There has been no more important question raised for many a day, and it will be fortunate for American institutions if it is settled upon the plain principles of liberty, justice, and the absolute separation of church and state. As we have already mentioned, a precedent cited by the Parochial Committee is that of the Poughkeepsie plan, the substance of which we have also stated. It is now alleged in papers friendly to the Roman Catholic influence that the Board of Education in Poughkeepsie has solved the difficulty in a manner satisfactory both to Protestants and Catholics. It is therefore necessary to look more closely at the solution, because it is impossible that any settlement short of absolute surrender of a vital principle upon the one side or the other should be satisfactory. If the Catholics are sincere in denouncing the public schools as "godless," they can not, without renouncing all claim to respect and confidence even from their friends, suffer their schools to be united with those public schools without retaining some kind of control. But if they do retain any control whatever, the public-school system is overthrown.

Upon looking into this satisfactory solution, which, according to the report, is "a complete surrender of the schools formerly in charge of the Catholic Church to the control of the Board of Education," we find the facts to be as might be supposed. The surrender is quite on the other side. The buildings were leased to the Board, as we have heretofore stated, at a nominal rent for ten years, the contract dissoluble upon three months' notice by either party. The Board of Education having leased the buildings, examined the teachers—who had been appointed by the priestly influence—and finding them qualified, re-appointed them. Other teachers were also appointed, and the report naïvely remarks, "In selecting these teachers respect has been shown to the preferences of the Catholics." The Catholic children, "as a matter of choice," attend the schools that were Catholic; "the Protestant children go elsewhere." The report proceeds:

> "There is no religious instruction during school hours; but in the former Catholic schools and in the High School, which is taught by a Protestant clergyman, the teacher and such scholars as choose to do so remain after school is dismissed in the afternoon for religious exercises. The buildings spoken of are used by the Board only for school purposes, the Catholics retaining control of them when school is not in session. This enables them to meet in the evenings and at other times as they choose, and we believe they frequently do so, when, of course, the services are entirely under their own control and independent of any rule or restriction imposed by the Board."

This shows precisely what every person who understands the enemy with which our public-school system has to deal supposed. Under cover of "fusion" and "surrender" and "union," the naked fact is that in consideration of the support of their schools by public taxation, of which they contribute a very small proportional amount, the Catholic managers agree to discontinue direct religious instruction during a part of the day. The teachers were originally appointed by them, or have been approved by their "preferences," and are Catholics; the pupils are Catholics; Catholic instruction is given at a certain hour to those who "choose" to remain, and what "choice" means in the infallible Church is tolerably well known; the atmosphere, the management, the influence, are absolutely and exclusively Catholic; it is a nursery of the Catholic creed, and the public pays its expenses. That is the "Poughkeepsie plan," and a Protestant clergyman in the High School gives it his countenance. But if this "Poughkeepsie plan," which so harmoniously reconciles all dissension, were universally adopted; if Baptists and Methodists and Unitarians and Presbyterians and Hebrews and Episcopalians and all other religious sects should have schools upon this plan—and they certainly may if the Catholics can—what would be the result? The Baptist children, "as a matter of choice," would go to the Baptist schools, the Methodists to the Methodist schools, the children of other sects would equally of choice "go elsewhere," and we should have a system of sectarian schools supported by public taxation. The next and necessary step would be the sectarian division of the school money, and the Roman triumph over the American unsectarian system of public schools would be formally and legally as well as actually accomplished.

The New York Board of Education can

not pretend not to see what every intelligent person knows, that the Roman Catholic managers do not propose to turn their schools into "godless" institutions, and therefore that, under the form of union, they intend to retain the control of them, and to keep them what they now are, nurseries of the Roman creed, to be maintained by the public money. There was no occasion for parleying or delay. The moment that the proposition was made the Board of Education should have replied that it had no discretion upon the subject, because the law is perfectly plain, and that if the owners of the parochial school buildings wished to sell them or lease them, the terms could be arranged. As for the parochial schools themselves, the Board should have said that it had, and could have, nothing to do with them, because its only charge is the public schools. Any other position than this, any "arrangement," or "negotiation," or "Poughkeepsie plan," will be a violation of duty and a betrayal of the schools.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE question raised in New York by the proposed law giving the Governor the power of removal of the chief State officers is one of the very highest importance. As reported, the bill authorizes him to remove, and suspend during the investigation of charges, the Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Canal Commissioner, or State Prison Inspector, who are officers elected by the people. The constitutional permission for such authority is found in a clause which has been dormant for twenty-nine years, and which expressly provides for the necessary legislation. The only apparently valid objection to the law is that it gives too great a power to the Executive. But this objection is answered by the fact that it immensely increases his responsibility. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR, who has had large executive experience, finds evidence that no Governor would be likely to abuse such power in the fact that, with all the present executive authority to remove more than four hundred important elective officers all over the State—clerks, sheriffs, mayors—there has been no case of removal attributed to mere partisan motives. His opinion is that the difficulty with such a power would not be its existence, but the unwillingness of the Governor to exercise it. For if he did his duty, he would lose some party support, while if he failed to do it, he would forfeit public approval.

The proposition and the discussion are valuable as showing that the serious mischiefs of the dispersion of responsibility by the Constitution of 1846 are beginning to be understood, while the adoption of the law would be another proof of the wisdom and flexibility of popular government. The difficulty in the system provided by our present State Constitution is in ascertaining the agent who is responsible, and in holding him to his responsibility. The general complaint is that when abuses are discovered and exposed, the remedy is remote and almost hopeless. In flagrant and imposing cases, and under auspicious circumstances, impeachment may serve. But it is a process too cumbrous for recourse when prompt correction is necessary. The vital point in granting necessary powers is to fix distinctly the responsibility of their exercise, and this is done in the case of removals from office by the frequently recurring election of the officer to whom such powers are confided.

This consideration disposes of the objection that an Executive should not remove elective officers, but only those appointed by himself. Where the tenure of elective subordinate officers of the grade named in the bill introduced into the Legislature is for two years, it is very easy to see that there should be somewhere a power of summary dealing with them, if delinquent. And if the power be abused, the victim has always his recourse to the Legislature. But should it be asked why not, then, give the Governor the power of appointing as well as of removing such officers, we ask in return, why not? It would be a very much better method than that which exists, and, in the want of it, what is proposed is a very great improvement. Those who suppose that this is a limitation of the power of the people show that they do not understand the fundamental principle of a popular government, which is not that every office shall be elective, but that the administration of government shall be immediately responsible to the people. Now that responsibility is destroyed instead of increased by the enormous multiplication of elective offices. It is also fatally weakened if removal for good cause is not made prompt and easy. The great mass of voters—the people—can not know the manner in which the great multitude of their agents do their duty, and to make just removal difficult is, as Governor TILDEN said in his canal message, to "compel the whole voting mass to conduct the complex affairs of human society in person," and "to neutralize the elective principle."

The bill, as offered, provides that the officer to be removed shall be served with a copy of the charges, and shall have an opportunity to be heard, and the substitute whom he may appoint is to hold until the beginning of the political year after the next annual election following his appointment. That a Governor may prostitute such powers to base ends is possible. But if the probability of abuse is so great as to make the responsibility dangerous, then efficient, economical, and honest popular government is impossible. Certainly if people are all such knaves that nobody can be trusted, our principle of government is a delusion. Common-sense requires that, allowing for the weakness of human nature, administrative responsibility be so organized that it shall be effective, and that temptation to malfeasance shall be, so far as practicable, removed. This can not be done by the election of innumerable agents of whom the voters can not have any personal knowledge, and who, when elected, can be removed only by extraordinary efforts. The application of this principle to the offices specified in the bill would necessarily make the incumbents vigilant and prudent, and would be a guarantee to the people of the State that the discharge of official duties, which are in their nature largely concealed from those who elect the officers, is under the strict supervision of the Chief Magistrate. The present system has plainly not worked well, and there can be no harm in trying a new one, which the people, through the Legislature, can at once modify if it should be found to be equally unsatisfactory with the existing one.

PARSON BROWNLOW AND ANDREW JOHNSON.

IN his speech in the Senate upon the Louisiana question Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON said that the case was like that in Tennessee in 1866, when the Governor undertook to control the Legislature. That Governor was our old friend Parson BROWNLOW, who is now, as formerly, the editor of the Knoxville *Whig;* and he has written a letter to the *Tribune* in reply to Mr. JOHNSON'S statements, which, he says, "are what you Northern people term 'misrepresenting the truth of history,' but what we here in Tennessee call 'unmitigated lying.'" The simple truth is, as Mr. BROWNLOW states, that ANDREW JOHNSON, who was then President, was trying to prevent a quorum in the Legislature of Tennessee, to defeat the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, which Mr. BROWNLOW calls, in the language of Tennessee, corrupt interference, and "lawless, seditious, and revolutionary conduct." The majority of the House, although less than a quorum, passed a resolution to arrest contumacious members, and the Governor asked General THOMAS to call upon Lieutenant-General GRANT to furnish a military detail to sustain the Sergeant-at-Arms in enforcing the orders of the House; and he says, "I called upon General GRANT instead of JOHNSON, because JOHNSON was the CATILINE of the lawless conspiracy."

That Mr. JOHNSON refused the aid, Mr. BROWNLOW adds, was not because he had any doubt of his right, as President, to furnish it, but simply because he was himself the conspirator who originated and sustained the lawlessness. But at last the Governor summoned the State militia, and despite Mr. JOHNSON'S "thousands of rebel guerrillas and bush-whackers on the outside" and his bolters in the Legislature, a quorum of fifty-six members was obtained, two being present against their will, and the amendment was carried by a vote of forty-three to eleven; for the immense majority was in favor of the amendment, but was less than a quorum. Governor BROWNLOW immediately telegraphed to Mr. FORNEY, then Secretary of the Senate, whom the President, in a speech from the White House, had called "a dead duck," as follows: "The amendment ratified. My compliments to the dead dog of the White House." His purpose in following Mr. JOHNSON'S lamentable example was, he says, to hold the mirror up to nature, and to show the Presidential offender his own image.

But this letter of Mr. BROWNLOW'S, in stating the actual facts of the case, which Mr. JOHNSON wholly concealed in the Senate, does a great service in showing by what means a President can interfere in a State, as ANDREW JOHNSON did in Tennessee. The Fourteenth Amendment was pending. The great majority of the Tennessee Legislature was in favor of it, but a few members, by preventing a quorum, defeated for a long time the will of the representatives of the people and prevented their action, and did this at the instance, as Mr. BROWNLOW says—and he was the Governor—of ANDREW JOHNSON. It was a monstrous act: a hundredfold more monstrous than any interference alleged against President GRANT. For some time it delayed, and with a less resolute Governor would have defeated, the will of the people of Tennessee. And how was such fatal interference possible? By means of our present system of the civil service, which ANDREW JOHNSON prostituted and debased to the most unworthy ends.

> "To carry out his lawless purpose to defeat the amendment, his emissaries came from Washington to Tennessee, and wrote from the capital to their friends in this State that 'the President desired that the Legislature be broken up rather than the amendment be ratified.' It became understood at Nashville that members who would 'bolt,' and aid in the revolutionary scheme conceived and inaugurated by President JOHNSON to defeat the amendment, would be rewarded by Federal appointments. And it is a singular coincidence that many of these seditionists were subsequently rewarded by the President with Federal appointments."

Our readers who think that the friends of a reform of the civil service exaggerate the dangerous power of the present system may see in this single instance that "home rule" and "local self-government" may be subverted by patronage as well as by military force. And what Mr. BROWNLOW describes as the endeavor of ANDREW JOHNSON "to bully and bribe with Federal offices the Legislature of 'the sovereign State' of Tennessee" is made easy for any President in any State, and is the constant menace of our civil service system to the fundamental security of the republic.

THE AUTOMATON WHIST-PLAYER.

OUR London correspondent, whose recent letter on this wonderful machine created so much interest, sends us the following account of the discovery of the secret:

> "I have just a shade of regret in saying that 'Psycho'—Mr. MASKELYNE'S wonderful whist-player—has had his secret discovered by an American youth named COFFIN. In my account of the figure I predicted that the connection between the 'automaton' and the brain behind the scenes which thought for it would be found in the circular pedestal at the bottom of the glass cylinder on which it stands. This flat circular stand turns out to be the point of connection between the column of air in the cylinder and a pumping machinery by which that air column may be condensed or rarefied; and it is the action of these two forces—condensation and rarefaction—on the exceedingly ingenious mechanism of the figure which results in securing the five different movements of which it is capable. I have, as I say, a little regret in reporting the explanation, because the clever conjurer deserved to have his exhibition go on without discovery somewhat longer. Perhaps, however, this will be the case, for although an enthusiastic audience applauded Mr. COFFIN'S explanation (which the conjurer could not deny, nor suffer to be put to the test of separating 'Psycho' from the air column beneath him), the matter has not yet appeared in the papers of London. However, 'Psycho's' reign must end in a few weeks now; and it should be placed in the Crystal Palace along with MAELZEL'S chess-player—*par nobile fratrum.*
>
> A YANKEE."

PERSONAL.

AMONG the numerous honors conferred by foreign scientific societies upon Dr. MARTYN PAINE is a membership of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Upsal, Sweden, recently bestowed upon him.

—The Lexington business has brought out all the old relics of the battle that have been hived in New England for a hundred years. The pistols taken from the British Major PITCAIRN at Lexington, from one of which the first shot of the Revolution was fired, are in possession of the grandson of General ISRAEL PUTNAM, and were exhibited at Lexington at the Centennial. And Mr. A. BROWN, of West Baldwin, Maine, brought for exhibition a gun which belonged to his great-grandfather, who commanded the first company of minute-men engaged in the battle, and which is claimed to be the first gun fired against the British. We presume that the gory weapon so humorously described by LOWELL in "The Courtin'" was also on view:

"Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord *busted.*"

—A gentleman at West Point has been shown a communion pitcher having engraved upon it the following very remarkable record of old age:

> "Presented by SAMUEL VERPLANCK, Esq., to the First Episcopal Church in the Town of Fishkill, to commemorate Mr. EDGLEBERT HOFF, by birth a Norwegian, in his lifetime attached to the Life-Guards of the Prince of Orange (afterward WILLIAM III. of England). He resided for a number of years in this county, and died, with unblemished reputation, at Fishkill, 21st March, 1765, aged *One Hundred and Twenty-eight Years.*"

—On the occasion of the thirty-fourth birthday anniversary of the *Tribune*, the attachés of that establishment availed themselves of the opportunity to present to Mr. Editor WHITELAW REID an exquisitely chased set of silver, consisting of a pitcher, tray, and two goblets, bearing appropriate inscriptions. The gift is valued at about $1000, and was an appropriate testimonial to their chief from the clever men on the staff of that able and enterprising journal.

—What is the British House of Commons coming to? It is derisively spoken of as the "Bung Parliament," from the fact that among its members are two ALLSOPPS (or double X's), two BASSES, a GUINNESS, a WATNEY, a BOLTON, a HANBURY, a BOND, and other representatives of malt. The "bitter" end looms up.

—The late GEORGE CURTIS, of Nahant, has enrolled himself among New England's benefactors. He bequeaths to his wife during her life the income of his estate, amounting to $300,000. After her death the property is to be divided in ten equal parts among the following institutions: to the American Bible Society; Boston Consumptives' Home (Dr. CULLIS); Boston Young Woman's Association; Appleton Temporary Home, Boston; Boston Young Men's Christian Association; Sustentation Fund of the Reformed Episcopal Church; North End Mission; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, located at Hampton, Virginia; Massachusetts Home Missionary Society.

—Mr. JACOB P. SWAIN, who has a picturesque place on a high hill in Bronxville, Westchester County, New York, presented to the town of Concord, Massachusetts, for exhibition at the Centennial anniversary, an anvil used in that town for the forging of arms for the patriots a hundred years ago; also the scissors with which were cut the first cartridges for the patriot army. Something might have been said about "aut scissor, aut nullus."

—Mr. DAVID OSMENT, "the father of the Freemasons" of England, died last month at Sherborne, Dorsetshire. He was born on Midsummer-day, 1775, and joined the Freemasons in the year 1819.

—JOHN BULLOCK, aged one hundred and one, came to the polls at Bristol (Rhode Island) town-meeting the other day, and voted. He voted for G. W., the F. of his C., at his second election, and has balloted at every Presidential since save one.

—Mr. LEICESTER VERNON, a grandson of the donor to the British nation of the celebrated Vernon Gallery, died a few days since at Richmond, Virginia. He graduated recently with high honors at an English university, and had gone to Virginia to invest in land and make a home.

—Of the fortune of $150,000 left by the late Sir CHARLES LYELL, $10,000 goes to the London Geological Society, the annual interest of which is to be applied to the encouragement of geology or allied sciences. The money, it is provided, is to be appropriated partly for traveling expenses, or for memoirs or papers, and without reference to the sex or nationality of the author.

—Mr. SANKEY, the colleague of Mr. MOODY, so prominent now as revivalists in England, is a son of the Hon. DAVID SANKEY, of West New Castle, Pennsylvania, and the *Democrat* of that place says: "Whatever may be said of him, no one can accuse him of ever having attempted to mix politics with religion. He is an intelligent Christian gentleman, a singer of the highest excellence, and in point of mental culture far superior to Mr. MOODY."

—The older Mr. DISRAELI grows, the more completely is his ascendency noticeable over his party, especially in the jaunty, jocular way with which he carries little points, and in his invariable good humor in the dispatch of business. Recently, in the course of a speech on the Coercion Acts, he told the following story of CANNING, in replying to an Irish opponent: "In CANNING'S time," said Mr. DISRAELI, "dry Champagne was invented. [Laughter.] Hearing every body talk of dry Champagne, Mr. CANNING had a great desire to taste it, and CHARLES ELLIS, afterward Lord SEAFORD, got up a little dinner, care being taken that there should be some dry Champagne. Mr. CANNING took a glass, and, after drinking and thinking a moment, exclaimed, 'The man who says he likes dry Champagne will say any thing.' [Laughter.] Now, I do not want to enter into a controversy with any of my honorable friends who doubt the existence of Ribbonism, but this I will say, that the man who maintains that Ribbonism does not exist is a man who—ought to drink dry Champagne." (Loud laughter and cheers.)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Louisiana Legislature has accepted the Wheeler Compromise award, and the Democrats have now a majority of seventeen in the House. Estillette, the Compromise Conservative, has been chosen Speaker.

Six companies of cavalry and two of infantry have been ordered to the base of the Black Hills as an escort to Mr. Jenny, the government geologist, who will make a survey of the country. Many of the most influential among the Indians are said to favor the sale of the land for a good round sum.

Governor Dingley, of Maine, has written a letter declining to be a candidate for re-election.

Navigation was resumed on the Hudson River April 13, after a blockade lasting from the close of December.

The Union Pacific Railroad is overflowed at Bitter Creek Valley, 300 miles west of Cheyenne, and travel is entirely suspended between Laramie City and Ogden. The water is six feet deep in many places, and is still rising.

FOREIGN NEWS.

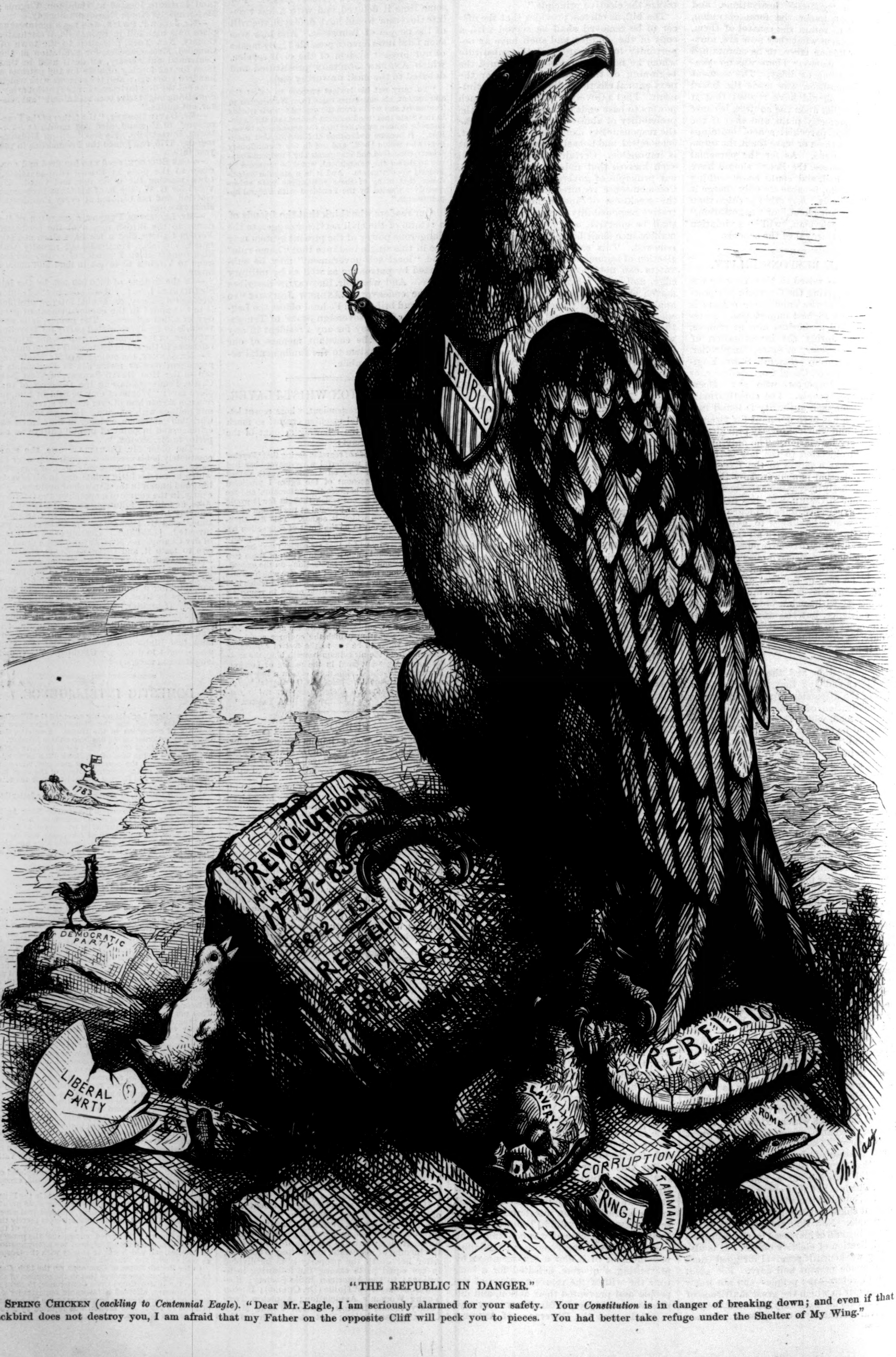
THE bill abrogating those clauses of the constitution which grant the independent administration of ecclesiastical affairs, the unimpeded intercourse of religious associations with their superiors, and freedom of clerical appointments passed its second reading, April 16, in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet. In the course of the debate Prince Bismarck said the government was loath to proceed to such measures, but they were unavoidable. Since the Vatican Council no one possessed the influence the Pope had. With a compact party, a well-organized press, and an army of obedient priests, this power would be serious even if it belonged to a native instead of a foreign monarch. That monarch, if he had the means, would carry out his programme in Prussia, but he would first have to destroy the majority of the Prussian people. The Prince closed his speech with these words: "When all the breaches in the bulwarks of the state caused by granting too many rights to unworthy objects are repaired, then will we be able to conclude peace."

The Roman Catholic bishops of Prussia, after their conference at Fulda, addressed a petition to the Emperor William in person, remonstrating against the withdrawal of the state grants, to the maintenance of which they declared the honor of Prussia was pledged. The ministers, authorized by the Emperor, replied, expressing regret that the bishops should object to obey laws which were always obeyed in other countries, and adding that the bishops would have preserved the Fatherland from peace-disturbing confusion if they had remained faithful to their own convictions and to the warnings which they proclaimed before the Vatican Council.

The Berlin *Post* says the draft has been completed of a bill prohibiting religious orders in Prussia, except those employed in nursing the sick.

Prince Bismarck, in the course of debate in the Prussian Parliament on the bill withdrawing state grants from the Roman Catholic clergy, declared that since the Vatican Council Catholic bishops were merely the Pope's prefects. He said he was not an enemy of the Catholic Church. He warred only against the papacy, which had adopted the principle of the extermination of heretics, and which was in enmity with the Gospel as well as with the Prussian state.

In the British House of Commons, on the 13th, Captain Baillie-Cochrane moved that in the opinion of the House the International Code Conference, to meet at St. Petersburg, afforded a favorable opportunity for England to withdraw her agreement to the Declaration of Paris in 1856. The motion was rejected by a vote of 36 yeas to 261 nays.



REPUBLIC
1783
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
LIBERAL PARTY (?)
REVOLUTION
APRIL 19
1775-83
1812-15
REBELLION
APRIL 19
1861-65
REBELLION
SLAVERY
ROME
CORRUPTION
RING
TAMMANY
Th. Nast

"THE REPUBLIC IN DANGER."

SPRING CHICKEN (*cackling to Centennial Eagle*). "Dear Mr. Eagle, I am seriously alarmed for your safety. Your *Constitution* is in danger of breaking down; and even if that Blackbird does not destroy you, I am afraid that my Father on the opposite Cliff will peck you to pieces. You had better take refuge under the Shelter of My Wing."

MASTER AND SLAVES.

Every day brings more distinctly into view the close alliance between the Democratic party leaders and the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the painful degradations to which the former are willing to submit themselves in order to satisfy the growing demands of the foreign Church. Protestants, often Americans, pledged to maintain the principles of unsectarian equality, of personal independence, these unhappy politicians find themselves unable to resist the tyranny of the priests; and to maintain their party in power suffer themselves to be governed in their political conduct by the threats of ultramontane editors and the coarse virulence of the *Catholic Telegraph* or the *Freeman's Journal*. A recent example in Ohio shows how abject is the submission exacted from an American Legislature by its papal masters. A bill was introduced into the Ohio Assembly by a Mr. **Geghan**, one plain object of which is stated in several of the Ohio papers to be to prevent the lay readers of the Young Men's Christian Association from performing any religious duties in the prisons, almshouses, and other public institutions, and to confer unusual and exclusive privileges upon the Roman Catholic priests. The project was received with a general cry of disapprobation from the Republican and unsectarian part of the community. It was something wholly unheard of in Ohio to shut out the prisoner and the pauper from the free ministrations of Christian men and women, and to permit no one to approach them but the papal priest; and although no doubt three-fourths of this unhappy class are of the Romish persuasion, yet to all sensible persons that would seem an additional argument for trying some new means of reformation where their own faith had proved so wholly ineffective to keep them from becoming a burden or a terror to the public. But the bill had been prepared under the eye of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati; it was enforced by the threats of the whole Jesuitical press. The Democratic majority in the Ohio Legislature hesitated to adopt so iniquitous a measure, and were evidently reluctantly and with shame driven to the utter sacrifice of their American principles. If you do not vote for this bill, said in effect the *Catholic Telegraph* to the Democracy, you will fall at once from power; it is the Catholic vote that has placed you in office. March 11 it said, "Withdraw the support which Catholics have given to it [the Democracy], and it will fall in this city, county, and State as speedily as it has risen to its long-lost position and power. The party is now on its trial." The threats of the *Catholic Telegraph* and Bishop **Purcell** were successful, and the Ohio Democracy have abandoned forever that principle of unsectarian independence which the founders of the republic planted in the New World.

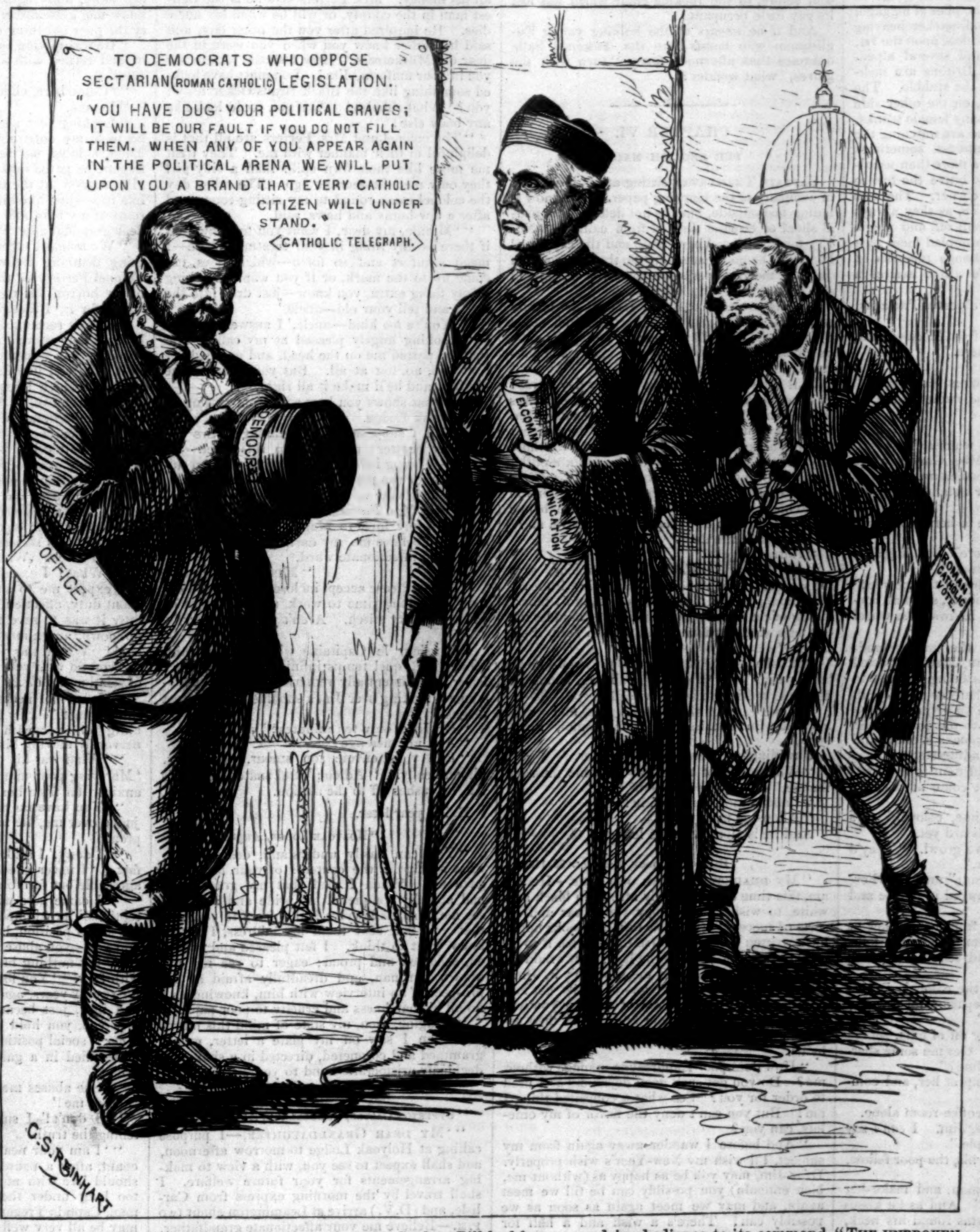
Mortification and intense indignation, we are told, prevail throughout the State at the insolence of the Roman priesthood and the servility of the Democratic leaders. For the first time the foreign Church has openly shown its power in the Ohio Legislature. The threats, the intimidation, the novel spectacle of the papal priesthood interfering in our political affairs for the purpose of planting European principles on American soil, have aroused in Ohio a grave feeling that may lead to most important results. "We did not think," says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "that the majority of our people, whether they be Democrats or Republicans, were prepared to make the Roman establishment the ruling Church in Ohio;" and it thinks the **Geghan** law the beginning of a long series of papal aggressions. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says, "It is the first instance in the history of Ohio where the passage of any measure of legislation has been put upon distinctively sectarian ground, and the members dragooned into its support out of apprehension of loss of the Catholic vote." The Cincinnati *Times* thinks the passage of the **Geghan** bill "a flagrant insult" to Protestant, Israelite, and every class of non-Catholic voters. The Cleveland *Leader* and all the Republican press unite in a resolute protest against the action of Bishop **Purcell** and his *Catholic Telegraph*, and see in their conduct a plain proof that in future the Papal Church means to strike openly at republican institutions and American freedom. Nor is it uninstructive to look back three years ago to a singular phase in our political history which also occurred at Cincinnati. Here the Liberal Republican party was formed, partly, at least, under the auspices of the *Catholic Telegraph* and Bishop **Purcell**. Here, three years ago, the Papal Church pledged all its support to the followers of Mr. **Greeley**, and hoped apparently by a sudden intrigue to seize upon the national government. It was the *Catholic Telegraph* that gave rise to many of the calumnies against General **Grant** and his administration; it was the Catholic press that was the most violent in its denunciations of the Republican leaders, and in gross slanders against the men who had done most to save the nation. It was the *Catholic Telegraph* that commanded the Democratic Convention at Baltimore to nominate Mr. **Greeley**, in nearly the same tone of menace which it has recently used to the Ohio Legislature. And we may well believe it was a desire to rebuke the insolence of a foreign sect in venturing openly to claim the control of American politics that helped in 1872 to swell the Republican majorities in every Free State in the Union.

The power of the papal priesthood over the Democratic leaders is no doubt, as the *Catholic Telegraph* asserts, supreme. Nine-tenths of our Roman Catholic population, it tells the trembling Democracy, are of their party, have raised them to office, are conscious of past favors, and are expecting more. But it adds the ominous threat to those Democrats who may venture to oppose the sectarian bill, "They have dug their political graves; it will be our fault if they do not fill them. When any of them appear again in the political arena we will put upon them a brand that every Catholic citizen will understand." Such is the language which the papal priesthood hold to the servile Democracy, and such the fatal necessity under which the party of **Seymour**, **Kernan**, and **Tilden** is laid to obey a foreign Church. They can never throw off their chains. The *Catholic Telegraph* has shown them the naked truth of their condition. Scarcely a Democrat to-day would be in office in any Free State except for the solid and unshaken Catholic vote. Even in Connecticut at its recent election it was a mass of ignorant and debased Irish Catholic voters in the worst wards of Hartford and New Haven that drove the Republicans from power, and placed in office the friends of the Southern oligarchy and the servants of Rome. Of the 53,000 Democrats in Connecticut it is safe to assert that 20,000 are Roman Catholics, and of the 44,000 Republicans not more than a few hundred. In Massachusetts the general intelligence of the people holds the Catholic population somewhat in check. Yet even here the power of the foreign Church is beginning to show itself. And of the people of Massachusetts, according to the last census, one-seventh part were born in Ireland. In New York, the centre of the Democratic party, whence Tammany Hall stretches its filaments of corruption over the whole State and country, the proportion of Roman Catholics in the Democracy is extraordinary and overwhelming. Fifty or sixty thousand Irish Catholic voters, the least intelligent portion of our citizens, follow with blind zeal the guidance of their Catholic editors, and for twenty years have commonly succeeded in placing in office the infamous, corrupt, and vile.

In no constituency, except one guided by blind fanaticism and foreign priests, could such men be chosen to public stations as New York has been in the habit for twenty years of sending to the Legislature, to Congress, and selecting for its municipal government; and the *Catholic Telegraph* has here no need to threaten to "set its brand" upon Protestant Democrats, for we have plainly none of them; nor is it difficult to understand how **Kelly**, the leader of Tammany Hall, can tell the Democratic Assemblymen of the country districts that they owe their offices to him alone, since he has but to withdraw the Catholic vote, and the whole State would be Republican. And in nearly all the Western States the *Catholic Telegraph* is equally correct in assuming a despotic power over the Democracy. The Catholic vote joined to the Democratic is sufficient under ordinary circumstances, when Republicanism slumbers, to carry Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, or Missouri; and it is only when the people are roused by some sudden impulse of patriotism that the foreign faction can be driven from power. But without the Catholic vote the proslavery Democracy would sink forever from sight. **Geghan**, it seems, wrote a letter to a Mr. **Murphy**, in which he asserts that two-thirds of the Democratic party in Ohio are Irish and German Catholics.

To those who have carefully studied American politics for some years past the rigid control exercised by the Roman Catholic priesthood over the Democratic party has been perfectly plain. Tammany Hall has long been a Roman Catholic club, and from Tammany Hall the Catholic leaders have labored, by a persistent effort, to debase and degrade the Democratic party of the country. From them have come the most bitter and violent calumnies against American institutions, manners, habits, officials, leaders. No man eminent in politics, who has served his country well, has escaped the odious slanders of the Democratic and Jesuitical press. No man, however infamous his political career, whether traitor, rebel, knave, or public robber, but has received their undivided support if he would but serve the interests of the foreign Church. In the rebellion the Roman Catholic leaders lent all their sympathy to slavery; since its suppression they have labored to create a new oligarchy at the South. Nor can any one fail to see that the chief danger of the republic must lie in this "solid, unbroken Catholic vote," which Mr. **Geghan** and the *Catholic Telegraph* promise in Ohio shall support the Democratic leaders in the coming election, in reward for their abject servility, and which every where has, without this suggestion, formed the chief strength of the Democratic party. What kind of a republic must be left to us if our legislators sink so low as to be driven to vote against their consciences by the threats of Roman Catholic newspapers or bishops? What form of government must ours be if the Democracy league itself with the priests, and the priests rule the Democracy? In such an event we might well despair of the republic, for education, good order, progress, must perish under the reign of blind fanaticism. Already the Democracy has begun the work of its masters in almost every State. To satisfy the priesthood it has become every where the enemy of unsectarian education. In New Haven and Springfield, in Ohio and Missouri, in nearly every city and village of the Union, the Democratic leaders are preparing the way for the destruction of the common schools, and slowly yielding (often, perhaps, with pain and shame, as in Ohio) to the menace of political ruin held over them by the papal priests. What, in fact, can they do but submit to the power that governs the ruling section of their party? Unhappy men! they may assume the garb of freemen, but they still wear in secret the chains of Rome. But from all such servility and such compliances the Republican legislator is wholly free. No foreign priesthood dares to say to him that it has raised him to office, and, if he murmurs, will brand him with an ineffaceable ruin. No Republican has ever raised his voice against a general education, or fears to say boldly what he thinks lest he offend the Jesuits and the Pope. In every State, village, or city the Republican defies the foreign priesthood, and proclaims himself, in the language of **Washington**, above all things and in all an American.

Eugene Lawrence.


TO DEMOCRATS WHO OPPOSE SECTARIAN (ROMAN CATHOLIC) LEGISLATION.
"YOU HAVE DUG YOUR POLITICAL GRAVES; IT WILL BE OUR FAULT IF YOU DO NOT FILL THEM. WHEN ANY OF YOU APPEAR AGAIN IN THE POLITICAL ARENA WE WILL PUT UPON YOU A BRAND THAT EVERY CATHOLIC CITIZEN WILL UNDERSTAND."
<CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.>
DEMOCR
OFFICE
EXCOM
NICATION
ROMAN CATHOLIC VOTE.
C.S. REINHART

Says the *Catholic Telegraph* (April 1, 1875), when the Geghan Bill had been passed, in obedience to its command, "The unbroken, solid vote of the Catholic citizens of the State will be given to the Democracy at the fall election."

"The 'Church' is loyal and faithful to the Democratic party."—*Geghan to Murphy.*

"FOR LOVE IS BLIND."

Fate counseled her, if she were wise,
To set a guard upon her eyes,
And thus be safe from Love's surprise.

But Youth, the hero, came ere long,
Came singing through a heedless throng:
She listened, breathless, to his song.

"O Fate," she murmured, "art thou wise?
I set a guard upon mine eyes,
Yet must I yield to Love's surprise!"

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

The hot sun pours down on a crowd. Travelers, paysannes, fish-wives, douaniers, gorgeous visitors, and shabby inhabitants, piles of luggage, and a screeching steaming mail-packet heaving at the side of the quay. It is close upon the 1st, the feast of St. Partridge, and several alpenstocked and fishing-rod-laden Britons are rushing home for a walk through the stubble. The steps of the Hôtel des Pachas, on the other side of the way, are occupied by many female trunks, and two eyeglassed cigars, who are watching the proceedings with paternal interest, sometimes waking into admiration when a more than usually neat pair of silk stockings brave the breeze that whips round the hotel corner. The two elder Misses Hatchard come up, as they always do, on principle, to see the mail off, and giggle youthfully into each other's crumpled faces past the cigars, who forthwith exchange remarks of a depreciatory character. To whom arrives a meerschaum and telescope.

"Boat rather late to-day," observes Partagas, shooting his linen.

"Waiting for the express," from Meerschaum. "Lot of luggage you've got here."

"Yes, haven't we?"

"Who's going away?" inquires Morales.

"Don't know. There's the name on the labels—Colonel Ferrers, by Jove!"

"Met him here?"

"Yes. Wife's a very nice woman."

"D'you know that little Miss Goring who's always with them?" asks Meerschaum.

"Just to speak to. Rather a stand-offish sort of girl."

"Wish you'd introduce me to her," with feeling.

"Too late, my son. There's her luggage. Evidently going with the Ferrers."

"Woe is me for the exodus of the people!" pathetically exclaims his petitioner, as some porters heave the trunks on to a barrow, and wheel off to the packet.

Presently, accompanied by the smiling landlord, descends Colonel Ferrers, closely followed by Captain Tregarvan, who is doing his best to look as if he had nothing whatever to do with the list of departures. From sheer nervousness he lights his pipe as he talks to the colonel, and after a puff or two absently knocks it out again.

Clang goes a bell on the landing-stage.

"Margaret," shouts the old man to the first-floor windows, "if you don't come at once we shall lose the boat."

"Oh, you're in lots of time, colonel," says Partagas. "Luggage not aboard yet."

"D—d lucky it isn't!" with a growl. "They'd go without us as likely as not."

"Here we are, Herbert dear;" and Mrs. Ferrers appears on the scene, arrayed in purple and fine linen of the period.

A pale sad face looks out from behind her at the group on the steps. Jim is standing talking jerkily with Morales, and sending sidelong glances at the door.

"Come, let's be off," says the colonel, gathering up his trappings, and preparing for a start; "where's my dressing-bag?"

A general move and taking off of hats.

Suddenly from Minnie: "Get me some sherry, Jim, will you, if there's time?"

Captain Tregarvan looks up at her, and complies swiftly.

They are standing in the coffee-room alone.

"I didn't want the sherry, Jim. I *can't* say good-by before all those people."

Taking her little hands in his, the poor fellow, faltering, says:

"God bless my little woman, and make her happy! Good-by, my pet!" And as he kisses her brow, she throws her arms round his neck, and sobs out:

"Good-by, Jim; good-by, my darling old Jim!"

Then with a last hug she leaves the room before him, and crosses over to the steamer.

"Well, Tregarvan, my boy—good-by, and good luck to you! We'll run over some day, and see you."

"Good-by, colonel;" and in his ear, "Be good to her."

The old Musketeer squeezes his hand, and goes on board.

Jim is just about to bid farewell to Mrs. Ferrers, when the scuffling of rapidly approaching feet attracts his attention.

Bowing galvanically, stertorously breathing, mopping up a beaming beefsteak face with one hand, and with the other clutching a magnificent bouquet, stands Camille Latour, in a new and gorgeous knickerbocker costume of white calico and red silk stockings.

"Ah, madame," he pants out—"Djems, Mees Gorreeng—I trembled of not arriving in time. Pouf! c'tte chaleur d'enfer! I am come to make my adieus. Ah, pouf!" A pause for breath.

"*How* kind of you to run so fast! I *am* so glad to have seen you!"

"Madame est bien aimable—and I wished—to offer to her—témoignage d'affection—respectueuse—this poor bouquet."

Exclamations of rapture from both ladies.

"Also if mademoiselle would deign—to carry this little flower—in her boutonnière—it would—ah, pouf!"

With which he holds out an exquisite tea-rose and gardenia to Minnie, who looks her thanks, but can not trust her voice just yet.

"There's the last bell," says Jim. "Now, once more good-by, Mrs. Ferrers. Take care how you step."

"Adieu, mesdames; bon voyage!"

"Good-by, Min."

A wave of the hand, a plunge of the boat, and they are off.

The fencing master watches on the pier-head till the black smoke is but a cloud on the horizon, then turns with a deep rough sigh to the Rue St. Dominique, to the room which never seemed dull before, to the rocking-chair which has lost its gay little occupant.

And if he swears at the hulking young Englishman who bursts into the darkened Salle d'Armes that afternoon for a "turn with the gloves," what wonder?

CHAPTER VI.

PER ENGLISH MAIL.

Captain Tregarvan sitting at his breakfast, in company of the morning paper. The snow is falling fast outside, but has not deterred the usual shoal of étrenne seekers from calling at No. 15; for it is New-Year's Day, and the captain is known to be good-natured. So the bell has been jingling merrily ever since the early dawn, and Jim's purse is getting lighter.

He has no work to-day. His pupils, mostly residents, are to hold high carnival and enjoy themselves. He will run up to Paris by the noon excursion, and choose some new masks and plastrons, of which he stands in need.

This time last year—what a happy day it was! Is it not written in the history of the Tregarvans how he and Min disported themselves chez Latour; how she surprised him with a magnificent pair of slippers; how he surprised her with those onyx ear-rings she had coveted for full a month; how they went to the theatre and saw *La Biche au Bois*; and how they wound up the general excitement, aided and abetted by c'tte bonne Euphrosyne, with a "grogs" to the nouvel an?

A knock at the door.

"Entrez."

"Ah, Mossieur le Capitaine, voyez vous," says the worthy old handmaiden, rolling in with a radiant countenance, "je l'savais bien, moi; tenez. Not possible that Ma'm'selle Minni should let the day pass without wishing us the good year. See, rather!"

And she places a letter in the well-known handwriting on Jim's plate, standing, hands on her hips, waiting to see him read it.

But the captain thinks otherwise, and waves his toast in dismissal. "Laissez-moi, 'Phrosyne."

Unwillingly she makes for the door.

"Without doubt there will be some message for me," she says, with a sniff.

"Laissez-moi, donc—enfin!"

"Allons, je m'en vas."

And he is alone with his letter.

"Holyoak Lodge, *December* 30, 186–.

"My dearest of dear old Jims,—Here I am, this time coming neatly attired in black and white, to wish you a happy New-Year and all sorts of success. (Oh, *how* formal it looks now I have written it!) Of course I can't wish it to be as happy a New-Year as the last; that would be hoping you should forget me, wouldn't it, Jim? But I hope you will have lots of pupils, get lots of money (and now I'm out of the way you will be able to make more, you know), and then retire on your income and settle down here close by us.

"How does poor Euphrosyne manage without me? Do you get such good déjeuners as I used to order for you? See what a conceited thing I am! But you can't deny the flavor of my omelets, can you?

"And before I wander away again from my subject, I'll wish my New-Year's wish properly. Dear Jim, may you be as happy as (without me, bien entendu) you possibly can be till we meet again, and may we meet again as soon as we possibly can! There's a wish and a half for you.

"We are in the midst of preparing for a juvenile ball to-night; and as it's juvenile, I am to be allowed to display my dancing powers. I hope they are fond enough of splitting straws over here. I may go to this, and probably dance with the very same gentlemen who will be at dinner to-night, just because a few children are to come and keep me in countenance; but dine late! Oh dear no; not till I'm sixteen, and then only in the country. We sha'n't go to town till the May after next, when I'm to come out regularly, and my education will be considered finished.

"Just at present I am rather idle; that is, I am en vacance for three weeks; but I manage to keep up my singing and Italian, as I do *so* want to astonish you when you see me again. I draw a little, sing a little, read *I Promessi* a little, and walk a great deal, so the day passes very pleasantly.

"There is a duck of an American lady here, a friend of Ferrers, who has taken Furze Hill for the winter, and is very fond of driving. She often calls for me, and we whirl along the roads in her pony-phaeton for hours together. Her husband, a great invalid, Hercules W. Morant, died a year ago, and she 'means to have a good time now,' as he was much older than herself and a great nuisance. The match was forced on her by her parents. He was frightfully rich, you must know. Mrs. Morant seems to have taken a great fancy to me, and does every thing to make herself agreeable. One thing specially draws me to her; that is, she is so sympathique. I sometimes tell her about you and Malaise, and she never seems so lovable as when her great sleepy eyes lighten up at my rambling histories of your goodness to me. (Oh, Jim, you are so MUCH too good to your little ward!) Now, don't laugh at all this. She is only twenty-three, and very, very beautiful. Gare à vous, M. mon ami, if you meet.

"I think I told you that Danescourt is only five miles from us. Mr. Dane is down here for the hunting season, and drops in now and then to look us up. Oh, he *does* drive such a *love* of a drag! He is very kind and amusing; but I don't see much of him, as when he comes I am generally at my lessons. I only wish you had all his money. Mrs. Ferrers says he is the richest man in the county, or will be when his uncle dies. He inquired after you the other day, and said his father knew you when you were in the dear old Musketeers. How I should like to see you in your uniform, Jim! You must have looked something like the Black Brunswicker, didn't you? What rubbish! As if you could look like any body else!

"The colonel and Mrs. Ferrers are all that is delightful in their manner with me. They treat me more like their own child than a silly girl they only met six months ago. The other day the colonel came round to my sitting-room, and after a few hums and haws, said,

"'Minnie, my dear, I want you to know that if there is any thing in your treatment here—I mean comfort and so forth—which does not come up to the mark, or if you want any thing—any thing extra, you know—just drop into the study and tell your old—uncle.'

"'You're *too* kind—uncle,' I answered.

"Looking hugely pleased at my calling him that, he patted me on the head, and growled,

"'No, no, not at all. But you come to the old boy, and he'll make it all right.'

"So that shows you how well I am getting on at Holyoak Lodge.

"Well, I suppose I am beginning to tire you with my chatter; and as even this room—*my* study—is being invaded (as offering peculiar advantages for the preservation of juvenile cloaks), I fancy it is time to shut up and see what I can do to help Mrs. Ferrers.

"Give my love to Maman 'Phrosyne, write soon, and believe me, my darling old Crabs, ever your most affectionate ward,

"Minnie Goring.

"P.S.—Please accept inclosed braces. (They took me a long time to work, and I thought of you with every stitch. Aren't you flattered?)"

"Mossieur le Capitaine will lose his train. Mon Dieu! quel temps infini to read a bit of a letter!" confidentially remarks the old Frenchwoman, looking over Jim's shoulder, to his great disgust.

"By Jove, only ten minutes!" with a start.

"And my message?"

"Elle vous envoie son amour," Jim says, idiomatically. "Adieu;" and snatching up his hat, he rushes off to the station.

Half a year later.

"Holyoak Lodge, *August* 4, 186–.

"You can easily understand, dearest Jim, what a surprise the contents of your last letter gave me. When I read that my grandfather had actually conquered his pride and asked to see me, that his lawyers had written to you, and that you had sent them my address, I hardly knew what to think. I felt pleased and annoyed, ashamed and proud; eager to see my unknown kinsman, and dreadfully afraid at the prospect of an interview with him, knowing as I do all his harshness and cruelty to poor papa.

"Imagine, then, my state of mind this morning when I saw on my plate a letter, monogrammed and coroneted, directed in a shaky but decidedly aristocratic hand to yours truly.

"I copy it for your benefit·

"'Upperton Castle, Cumberland, *August* 3, 186–.

"'My dear Granddaughter,—I purpose calling at Holyoak Lodge to-morrow afternoon, and shall expect to see you, with a view to making arrangements for your future welfare. I shall travel by the morning express from Carlisle, and (D.V.) arrive at Leamington about two p.m.—Believe me your affectionate grandfather,

"'Abana and Pharpar.'

"I showed the letter to Mrs. Ferrers after breakfast, and asked her advice. She insisted that I should be a fool if I did not do every thing to make myself agreeable to him, and, in fact, place myself at his nobility's disposal. Unfortunately for her influence, in comes the colonel, puts all her arguments to the rout, gives me directly opposite advice, speaks with much heat of the Viscount's selfishness and tyranny, and ends up by telling me to shut myself up in my room till lunch, think over it seriously, and (with a juron), 'I'll leave it to the girl's common-sense and loving heart whether she ought to desert her guardian and her best friends for a shabby old hypocrite, who has just taken it into his head that he wants somebody to see him safe and comfortable into his coffin.' And begging my pardon for speaking so about a relation of mine, he stumps out of the room in a fume, and is heard outside ordering another cover to be laid at two o'clock for Miss Goring's grandfather.

"Well, I sat feeling very miserable, and longing to have you, Jim, to consult (for you never gave me the slightest bit of advice in your letter; I suppose *you* also leave it to my common-sense), till the gong sounded for lunch. Almost at the same moment a fly rolled up the drive, and I could not resist the temptation of looking out of one of the hall windows, blottie behind a great curtain and some armor.

"To see the very opposite of what I expected. I looked at papa's handsome face in my locket, and wondered how ever his father could be so mesquin. A little frail old man, helped up the steps by his valet—badly dressed, in dingy old clothes; gouty (though I never should have thought so pious and abstemious a creature guilty of that; perhaps it's in the family; perhaps *I* shall be gouty some day); an enormous white cravat round his wrinkled old throat; a pair of glittering cold blue eyes peering out under ragged white eyebrows; thin lips; and a thin, prominent, aquiline nose—that's Abana and Pharpar, eleventh viscount. Oh, by-the-way, I forgot: a shocking bad hat!

"How I got over the meeting I don't know. I tumbled into the room somehow, holding out my hand, and inquiring insanely, 'Don't you know me, grandfather?' As if by any possibility the poor old thing could know me!

"He was talking to Mrs. Ferrers when I came in, and turned with a start at the sound of my voice.

"'Come here, child,' he quavered out.

"I came.

"Looking very nervous and rather confused, he took my outstretched hand, and hesitated. Then, holding my forehead between his shaky fingers, he gazed into my eyes as well as he could (I'm a good bit the taller), and muttered, 'Just like him—just like him.' Finally, he kissed the roots of my hair, and said, 'How do you do, my dear granddaughter?'

"We lunched together; he eating hardly any thing, drinking water. After we had all done, Colonel Ferrers led the way into his study, and, to my horror, left me alone with the Viscount. 'Now for it,' I thought.

"I won't recount the whole conversation—my letter is long enough already—but I'll put down, as best I can remember, the most exciting part of it. After I had firmly but politely refused his proposal, which I expected and feared—an immediate removal to Upperton Castle, and prospective inheritance of his 'personal estate,' as he calls it—he began talking about duty, natural ties of relationship, proper affection, and so on. This stung me to the quick. My passionate temper fired up at once. To sit there, and hear the hard-hearted old man talk about the 'painful but unavoidable circumstances which had prevented him from enjoying as much of his dear departed son's society as he could have wished,' was too much. Wasn't it, Jim?

"'What!' I exclaimed in a mad rage. 'Do you expect me to sit still and hear you go on about duty, affection, and all that? You, whose duty it was to save my poor father from dying unknown, and almost uncared for, in a foreign land! Where was your affection then? What did you do with your anxiety about natural ties of relationship *then?*'

"'I am not accustomed to be addressed in this manner,' shrilly broke in the old man, trembling all over with suppressed agitation, and nervously moving his feet and hands.

"'What was his crime?' I continued, wildly. 'Marrying poor mamma, who died of want and anxiety, far from her friends?'

"'You have no right to set yourself up as a judge over me,' he muttered, with querulous reproach.

"'I don't,' I said, rather more quietly, crying fast. 'I never should have said any thing disagreeable but for you.'

"'I came here with the best, the kindest intentions,' he whimpered. 'I offer you a splendid social position, home, and that sort of thing, and you—you abuse me—positively abuse me.'

"'It's nothing but selfishness!' I exclaimed, with fury. 'You harden yourself in your pride, for twenty years, against your son and his child; and now, just because you want somebody to love you, you hold out your money as a bait. *Your* "social position," did you say? And *my* father died in a garret! D'you think *I've* no pride?'

"'She abuses me,' he repeated, plaintively—'abuses me!'

"'I don't!' I snapped out. 'I can't help telling the truth.'

"'I am your nearest relation,' urged the Viscount, after a pause, 'therefore it is fitting you should live with me. You have been already too long under the control of that worthless man, Captain Tregarvan. These Ferrers people may be all very well; but I do hope that, as my granddaughter, you will carry out my wishes, and let this—this fencing master know that such a state of things must now come to an end.'

"'Not at all!' I burst out again; 'a mere tie of blood, without the love that quickens it, to tempt me from the man who has sacrificed the ten best years of his life to give me food, shelter, education, unbound by any such tie? A mere relationship of descent to tempt me from the relationship of pity?'

"'I am your grandfather,' he reiterated, 'and would—'

"'Why do you come to me,' I interrupted, bitterly, 'with all these arguments, after twenty years of desertion and oblivion?'

"A silence, unbroken for a minute. Then, in a piteous whisper close up to me,

"'Can you not understand?'

"The sight of those wretched white hairs bending over my hand moved me strangely, and I kissed the old man in a revulsion of feeling.

"'Let us be friends, grandfather; but don't ask me any thing more.'

"And so we parted. Was I right, Jim?

"It is agreed that I am to write to him now and then and report progress. Send me a line soon to say whether you approve of what I have done.

"It is getting very late, and I very sleepy; so good-night, my dearest and best of protectors.

"Ever your loving Minnie."

A year later.

"52 Hertford Street, Mayfair, W., *June* 8, 186–.

"My solitary old Darling,—I don't know how I could better employ my Sunday morning than in writing to you, vu que I am not at all inclined to go to church, even though it be St. Ethelfride's, and the music beautiful to distraction. The flesh certainly is much too weak, after the excitement of this last month, to do any thing but take a day's rest. Not to mention that we are due at the Zoo about four o'clock, and that Captain Prediger will be standing by the entrance, to a dead certainty, as we arrive, which will entail a dreadful amount of fatigue in the way of fencing with soft speeches, and still 'softer' looks. Poor man! I *have* got such a killing thing in bonnets for his edification. And lace is his weakness! I'm sorry for him to-day. I remember last year wondering how I should feel when I was 'out.' Well, to tell the truth, I like it tremendously. It suits me 'down to the ground.' Which sounds very dissipated and worldly, but is the fact. You know I was always fond of le clinquant. I am not changed in the least. And yet I fancy the fascination of it all won't last long—only as long as it remains a novelty. I mean to enjoy this season anyhow; go in for it heartily, and then (perhaps) become a useful member of society.

"No sooner had we left our cards at the various houses Mrs. Ferrers considered the best form than we received heaps of visits and invitations. Polite, wasn't it? Among others came, to my awe, a high and mighty dame known to mortals as the Marchioness of Quincailler, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Harriet Tynpott.

"A fine old lady, whose white curls give her aquiline features a great resemblance to the countenance of a solemn ram—an expression modified into lamb-like beauty with Lady Harriet.

"Eh, bien, the Marchioness explained that, being an old friend of my grandfather, he had written to beg her to lend me the shield of her patronage on my introduction into society. She proposed, therefore, that my début should take place at her next ball, and that she should present me at the first Drawing-room.

"I will not weary your soul with a description of the dress I wore on the auspicious evening at Eaton Square. It was very chic, and awfully expensive. But then one does not come out every day.

"I was a great success, you'll be glad to hear; my dances were snapped up at once, and the amount of men who bothered my partners for an introduction, and then wanted to secure valses at future hops, was tremendous. That was the occasion, moreover, of my first conquest. Never once has Captain the Honorable Augustus Prediger swerved from his devoir since the night we met—son of Lord Sacristy, and a member of her Majesty's 6th (Ironclads) Dragoons: pas mal, eh, for a first shot? Of course my greatest sensation, as far as I have gone, was the Drawing-room. That I need scarcely describe. We got on very well in the antechambers, as we came across some of our set; but when my turn came, I felt most shockingly nervous, and wished the Princess of Wales any where else. Nevertheless, I got through my 'courtesy' all right, and was much fetched by an approving glance from his Royal Highness the Duke of Canada, who looked any amount of sudden deaths at me, and exchanged whispers with his chum and equerry, Putty Whyte. By-the-way, talking of that said youth, Sir Pulteney was introduced to me only a few nights ago at Lady Vabontrain's, and asseverated that I was sure of an invitation to the state ball, the Duke was wild for a dance with me, and so forth. After which—farceur fieffé that he is—he commenced a little business on his own account in the conservatory.

"I got to know Lady Vabontrain through Mrs. Morant, who is in London, and still very fond of me. I enjoy her dances more than any others I have been to; she seems to get such jolly people together, that is, they are, of course, the same people one meets every where, with the difference, I suppose, that the bores and dowdies are excluded; so the rooms are not crowded, and every one is happy. Gus Prediger very nearly committed himself seriously at Lady V.'s. I think her splendid fizz and the gardenias in my hair had something to do with it; but he certainly was only saved from hopeless and irretrievable disaster by Putty Whyte, who turned up at the critical moment to claim me for the 'next.'

"I am dreadfully disappointed, Jim, that you won't hear of our coming over to see you till next year. It's all very well to say, 'Come as soon as you like after the day you're eighteen.' I think it's very cruel of you. Why not run over to London and bring Mohammed to the mountain, if you won't agree to any thing else?

"I have just had my photo done by Elliot and Fry. I hope you'll like it as well as you did the last. Every body here admires it; but you know, Jim, there is no admiration I *really* care for but yours.

"Mr. Dane came to dinner with us last night; and bestowed the light of his presence and conversation chiefly on poor dear little me. He begged and implored me 'for about the space of three hours'—no, twenty minutes—to give him my physiognomy, but I sternly refused. I didn't quite see it.

"And now, my darling old Jim, after all this trash, to pour out all my gratitude for the *magnificent* present I received last night, and the *dear* letter inclosed. To think that you should have had that sweet old snuff-box broken up to make ear-rings for me! Thank you a thousand times for your kindness. It is not so much the value of the diamonds (which are lovely) that I am thinking about; it is the continual proofs of an affection and generosity which I feel myself unworthy of, but can never forget.

"I shall wear them at the first opportunity, and they shall talk to me about you all the evening.

"Ever your loving and good-for-nothing

"Min.

"P.S.—We went to Hurlingham yesterday afternoon to see the Oaks Sweepstakes shot for. Who do you think took it? Sir Harry Vesey, the man who fenced with you at Malaise. They say he makes £2000 a year by pigeon-shooting, pyramids, and écarté. Shady, very."

Captain Tregarvan looks long and earnestly at the sweet haughty face. "A year more to wait! Will she be changed in heart, as in form, I wonder?"

Winter again.

"Norman Place, *nr.* Malton, Yorks, *January* 28, 186–.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida, hear me ere I—break my praiseworthy intention of confessing my sins. But first, let me tell you how it came about.

"We arrived here a fortnight ago to spend a week with Lord Vabontrain. The house was quite full, and festive nights succeeded jolly days, so that when our time was up, and Lady V. pressed us, as she alone *can* press, to stay on, we were nothing loath to give way gracefully, and make up our minds to go on enjoying ourselves.

"Well, we had all sorts of fun—dancing every night, charades now and then, billiards very often, and scuffling continually.

"I don't know what it is, the atmosphere of the dissipated old place, I suppose, with its mysterious little staircases and affectionate-looking bay-windows; but anyhow, I never felt so inclined for making determined attacks upon the happiness and equanimity of the male sex. In fact, as I have continued my passage of arms with Gus Prediger, who has been here all the time in full glory of annihilating velvet and bijouterie, and as Reginald Dane, Esq., has considered it his duty to make an attempt at cutting out that pride of the service, I have been compelled to try my hand at driving a pair. Which up to this day I have succeeded in doing with amusement to myself, and— Well, I think they like their coachy. Yesterday morning it rained tomcats and bull-dogs; we were at our wits' end for something to do. Tired of billiards, sick of bagatelle, proof against the charms of 'cross questions and crooked answers'—que faire? 'Happy thought' from me. 'My kingdom for a battledore and shuttlecock!' We soon routed out an ample provision of both, and (it is now useless to conceal it from you any longer) we careered helter-skelter up stairs, old men and matrons, young men and maids, and romped like children for an hour and a half on the old oak landing. We ceased from exhaustion. But oh, *such* fun!

"That afternoon an absurd incident occurred which I shall laugh over to my dying day. It was on this wise. Passing through the hall, on my way to the library, I espied Gus Prediger flattening his nose against a window at one end, and Mr. Dane, ditto ditto, at the other, looking out at the steady drizzle. I went on my way rejoicing, and making myself comfortable with a book, occupied a few minutes in wondering which of the two would come after me first—I think the betting was 6 to 4 on Gus—when two gentle creaks, and the two opposite doors of the room opened simultaneously, revealing R. D. coming in from the hall, and Captain Prediger, who had gone round by the drawing-room, on desperate deed intent. They both gave a little start at seeing each other, hesitated, and then came forward, looking as casual as they possibly could, and retiring with newspapers to remote corners of the room. Fancy poor little me in the middle, and those two great men glaring at each other like that in dead silence! It seemed so irresistibly comic to me that, after struggling for a minute or two with my feelings, I burst out all at once into a mad fit of laughter. Dane followed suit, and soon Gus came in with his noodle's haw-haw! No one said a word, and I went off into a fresh fit at the absurdity of us three sitting there cackling at nothing in particular. I was very angry with myself for being so silly, but I positively *could not help it*. Mon Dieu, comme je bavarde! To the point.

"This morning, as I was returning from an expedition to the stables with Bella Marmont, we came across my captain doing a weed on the terrace.

"'Let's go and have a look at the dairy,' I proposed.

"'Can't,' said Bella; 'I must run in, and write letters to post-time.'

"Upon which G. P. offers himself as escort, and we toddle off through the park. But here I will draw a veil over the harrowing scene. I will stop in time. I was just about to give you a circumstantial account of my first—offer. There—it's out; somebody actually wants me to commit matrimony! As soon as we had invaded this pretty tile-paved show-place, and found ourselves alone—I suppose the dairy-maids were all busy churning—he broke into a regular romantic speech about—well, you know what I mean. How I am floundering! In a word, he asked me to marry him; and I refused, unmoved by any amount of lamentation and gnashing of teeth.

"When we walked in, Dane was on the steps, and noticing the captain's funereal countenance, had the cheek to whisper, with a wicked grin, 'Well?'

"I Looked at him (with a capital L), and vanished."

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Saturday,	1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday,	2.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	6.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	9.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	16.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday,	30.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	5.—Union Christian Convention, Suffolk, Virginia.
Friday,	7.—Southern Baptist Convention, Charleston, South Carolina.
Tuesday,	11.—International Sunday-school Convention, Baltimore.
Wednesday,	19.—German Reformed Synod (triennial), Fort Wayne, Indiana. General Conference Methodist Church, Princeton, Illinois.
Thursday,	20.—Presbyterian General Assemblies—Northern, Cleveland; Southern, St. Louis.
Tuesday,	25.—Baptist Anniversaries, Philadelphia.
Wednesday,	26.—General Synod Lutheran Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. International Young Men's Christian Association, Richmond, Virginia.

JUNE.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Peter.

It is much to be regretted that the conference between the promoters of Roman Catholic education in this city and the committee of the Board of Education should have so far been wholly private. Publicity is desirable, because the interests at stake are most valuable both to the city and the State. The interview between the School Committee of the Common Council of Buffalo and the Catholics was very fully reported in the papers of that city, and disclosed very clearly the object which the petitioners had in view. The question, among others, was asked, "Would the passage of a law or ordinance removing from our present school discipline the religious exercises and teachings to which you object be satisfactory to the petitioners?" The answer given was, "No, it would not: we want our own religion taught to our own children."

The proposition made by the Catholics of this city is, as we understand it, this: the lease of their school buildings to the Board of Education *during the school hours of each day*; the submission of their teachers for examination by the Board of Education, and the acceptance of such as may prove to be qualified. Under such an arrangement the control of the Board over the schools would be merely nominal. The proposition will, we think, be rejected very promptly as inadmissible.

The Rev. William Taylor, an American evangelist who has spent many years in California, Australia, South Africa, and British India, has joined Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London. He has preached in Agricultural Hall to a large congregation. On Good-Friday Lord Shaftesbury was among the persons of note on the platform at Agricultural Hall. Crowded meetings have also been held in Astley's Theatre. It was intended to lease Her Majesty's Opera-house for special services, but at last accounts a seat or stock holder had interposed legal objections.

A motion has been introduced into the Legislature of Massachusetts to expunge from the colonial records of the State the sentence of banishment against Roger Williams. This is going very far back to do justice. Roger Williams had a clearer perception of the principle of religious toleration than his New England contemporaries. One of the dangerous opinions attributed to him was "that the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table [of the moral law] otherwise than in such case as did disturb the civil peace."

The meeting of the General Synod of the Lutheran Churches, May 26, in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, revives the discussion of the question of a more perfect union of Lutherans in the United States. All parties are weary of the present divisions, and there appears to be a general agreement that a "colloquium," or conference, called to consider a basis of union, can at least do no harm. The Lutheran body is large, and grows rapidly in this country. There are in all 54 synods, 2568 ministers, 4639 churches, and 561,372 communicants. Ten of the synods are wholly independent; besides these there are a General Synod (North), a General Synod (South), a General Council, and a Synodical Conference. Fifteen theological seminaries and sixteen colleges promote the work of higher education. Eighteen English periodicals, twenty-four German, three Norwegian, four Swedish, and one Danish periodical distribute information among the people. What the prospects of a more harmonious organization of this mass of Protestants are it is not easy to determine; but if effected, it would greatly increase the power of Lutheranism in the United States.

Some curious customs, mostly associated with Good-Friday or Easter, are still kept up in London. By direction of the will of Peter Symonds, sixty children from Christ's Hospital were presented, after service at All-hallows Church on Good-Friday, with a packet of raisins, a bun, and a new penny. According to the provisions of another will, twenty-one sixpences are dropped on the ground in the church-yard of St. Bartholomew the Great, and are picked up by as many widows. The Blue-coat Boys of Christ Church Hospital in the Easter season march in procession to visit the Lord Mayor of London, who presents each with a gold or silver coin fresh from the Mint.

The Rev. Dr. Stoughton, one of the leaders of the Independents of Great Britain, and for many years the pastor of the chapel in Allen Street, London, has resigned his charge, and preached his farewell sermon to his congregation on the first Sunday morning of April. Dr. Stoughton will be remembered as one of the English delegates to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York.

Cardinal Manning formally assumed his new ecclesiastical title in the Church of San Gregorio, Rome, on the last Wednesday of March. The ceremonies, which lasted an hour and a half, were witnessed by more than a thousand Englishmen and Americans. The *North German Gazette*, in discussing the social effects of the bestowal of the cardinalate on Archbishop Manning, expresses the opinion that the precedence accorded in Catholic countries to the bearers of this title can not be looked for in England. On this point it says: "Monsignor Manning has availed himself of every opportunity to obtain a place in the upper grades of society in England, and wishes to compel it to recognize his rank in a Church which is in England, properly speaking, only a dissenting sect. The great noblemen of the House of Lords, however, would hardly be disposed to take their places behind a Roman Catholic prelate. The good relations which have hitherto existed between the archbishop and the aristocracy might therefore, should he adhere to his claims, become rather less friendly. It is even possible that the question may be raised in the House of Commons as to whether a British subject can accept the title of cardinal without the consent of the government."

After a twelve weeks' illness, Mr. Spurgeon resumed preaching in his Tabernacle on Sunday, March 28. An eye-witness reports that "when the front-doors were opened, at 10.55, the eager crowd that pressed forward like a heaving wave was checked in its progress by another crowd already in possession, nearly every seat being occupied before the public were allowed ingress. Hundreds were left in the rear hopelessly battling for admission."

A very concise but very clear statement of the organization of Universalism in the United States is furnished by the *Parish Helper*. There are 935 parishes in fellowship with the General Convention, presided over by 674 ministers. The communicants are thus distributed:

	Churches.	Members.
Eastern States	165	9,233
Middle States	123	7,087
Western States	297	12,773
Southern States	32	1,129
Canada	7	783
Total	624	31,005

The general funds are:

The Murray Centenary Fund	$129,901
The Ballou Centenary Fund	131
The Gunn Ministerial Fund	8,460
Total funds	$138,492

There are five Universalist colleges in the United States, to wit, Tufts, in Massachusetts; Lombard University, in Illinois; St. Lawrence University, in New York; Smithson College, in Indiana; and Buchtel College, in Ohio. These have assets to the amount of $1,830,000. There are nine periodicals in the country devoted to the advocacy of Universalist principles.

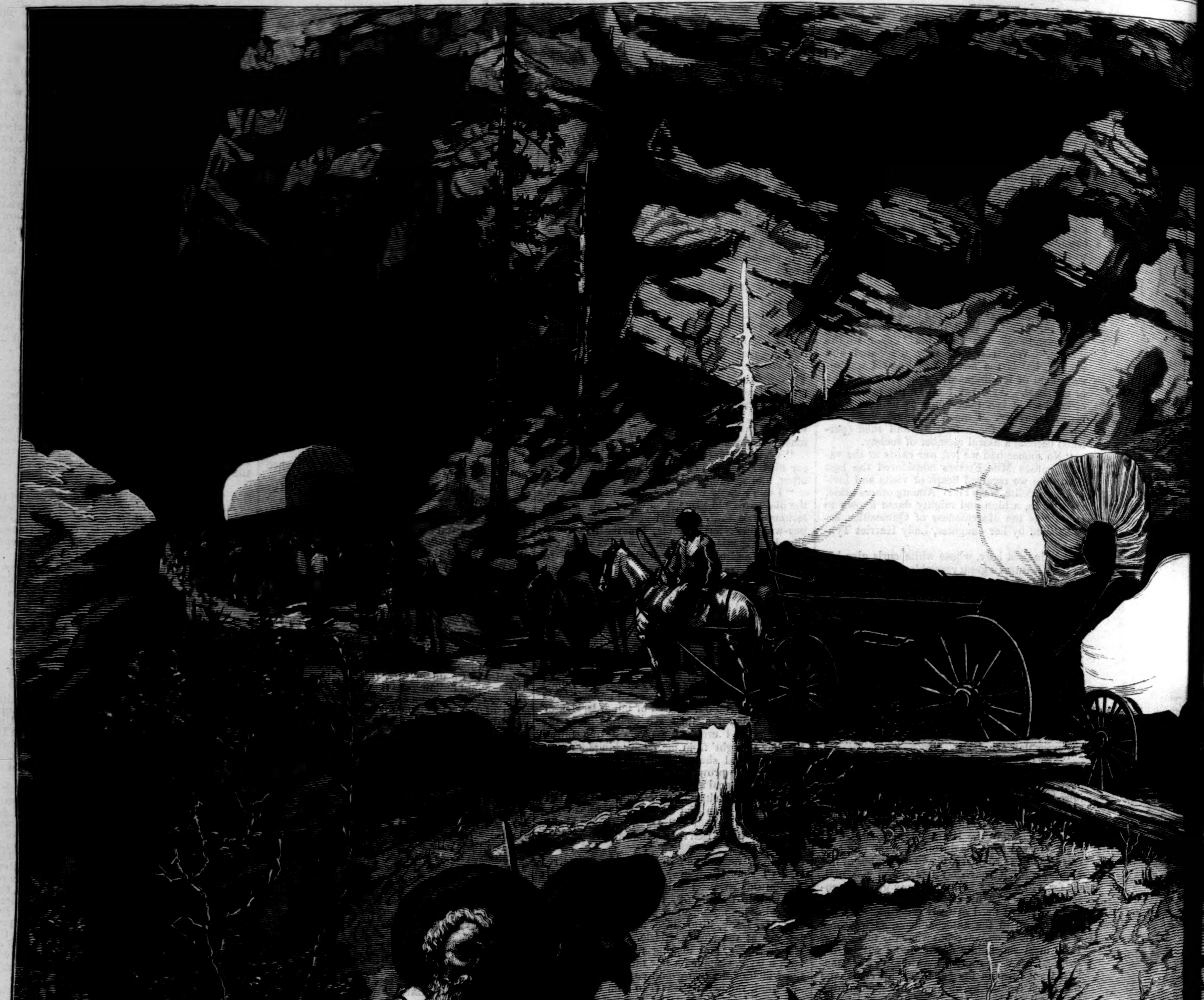
The Free Church of Scotland has lost by death in Rome the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, one of its founders. He took a leading part in the disruption of 1843, and since the death of Dr. Candlish has been regarded as one of the foremost representatives of Scotch Presbyterianism. The Presbyterians of London have also lost the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, who recently died at the age of seventy. The death is also announced of the Rev. Joseph C. Stiles, D.D., of the Southern Presbyterian Church in the United States. Dr. Stiles was, some time before the late war, pastor of the church in New Haven of which the late Gerard Hallock, editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, was a ruling elder. During the war he served as a chaplain in the Confederate army.

The anti-Jesuit riot in Buenos Ayres, of which mention has already been made by cable, was an affair of great magnitude, at least 20,000 persons having participated in it. According to the Buenos Ayres *Standard*, the crowd had first been gathered by a public meeting in the theatre, where a speech in denunciation of the Jesuits was made by Dr. Saldias and others. The cry was raised, "To the archbishop's palace!" and the people rushed out. Banners were carried inscribed with the mottoes, "Down with the Jesuits!" "Free Church and Free State!" The palace was entered and sacked. The cry was then heard, "To the college!" which was fired and burned down. Some of the Jesuits escaped by back-doors; several were killed. Books, tables, crosses, priests' clothes, were tumbled into the street or carried off by the assailants.

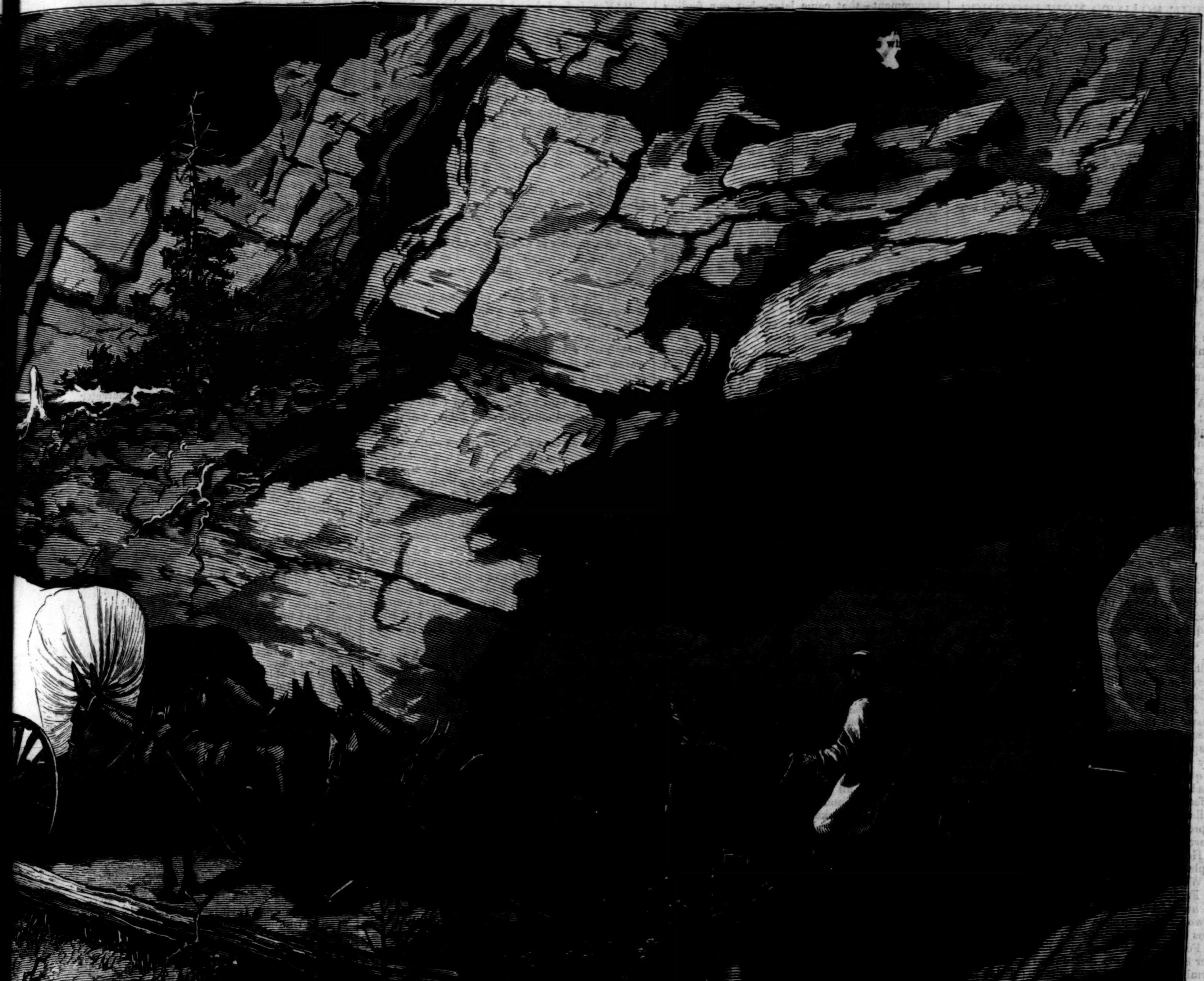
The Methodist Conferences which take their names from the city of New York closed their annual sessions the same day, April 15. The New York East Conference, which met at Meriden, reported 283 churches, 280 ministers, 38,724 members, 43,497 Sunday-school scholars, church property of the value of $4,291,200, and parsonages of the value of $743,500. The New York Conference, which met at Poughkeepsie, reported 38,611 members, 164 local preachers, 174 parsonages, valued at $803,100, and 373 churches, valued at $3,982,700.

Numerous religious houses are springing up around the grotto of Lourdes. The foundations have been laid "of the immense residence for the missionaries," which will have a front of 120 yards.

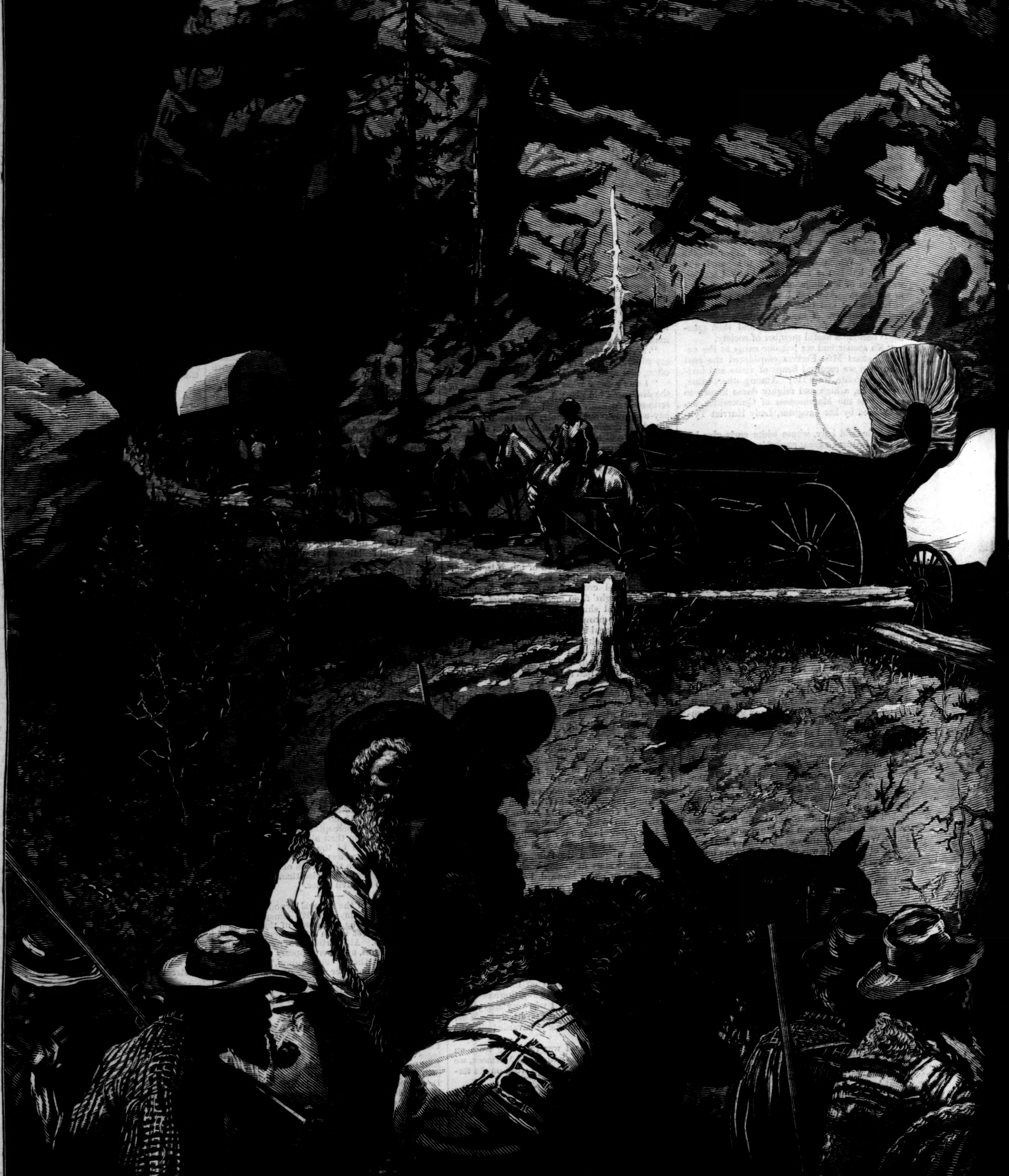
Like a good Catholic, the King of Spain, Alfonso XII., washed the feet of twelve paupers on Holy-Thursday, and then waited on them at table. The ceremony was performed in the royal palace, in the presence of the court, the diplomatic body, and an immense assembly, of whom eight hundred were ladies. The twelve men, who are supposed to represent the Apostles, were seated on a settee, each one with a leg bare, and got up to as perfect a decree of cleanliness as was possible. The king was dressed in uniform, had a towel girt about him, and did the washing in a very few minutes. Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Valladolid, followed after and sprinkled perfumed water over each bare foot. The twelve paupers were then seated at a table, and the king handed them dish after dish. The report says that Alfonso enjoyed the fun immensely, and moved about as if he at least was having a good time.



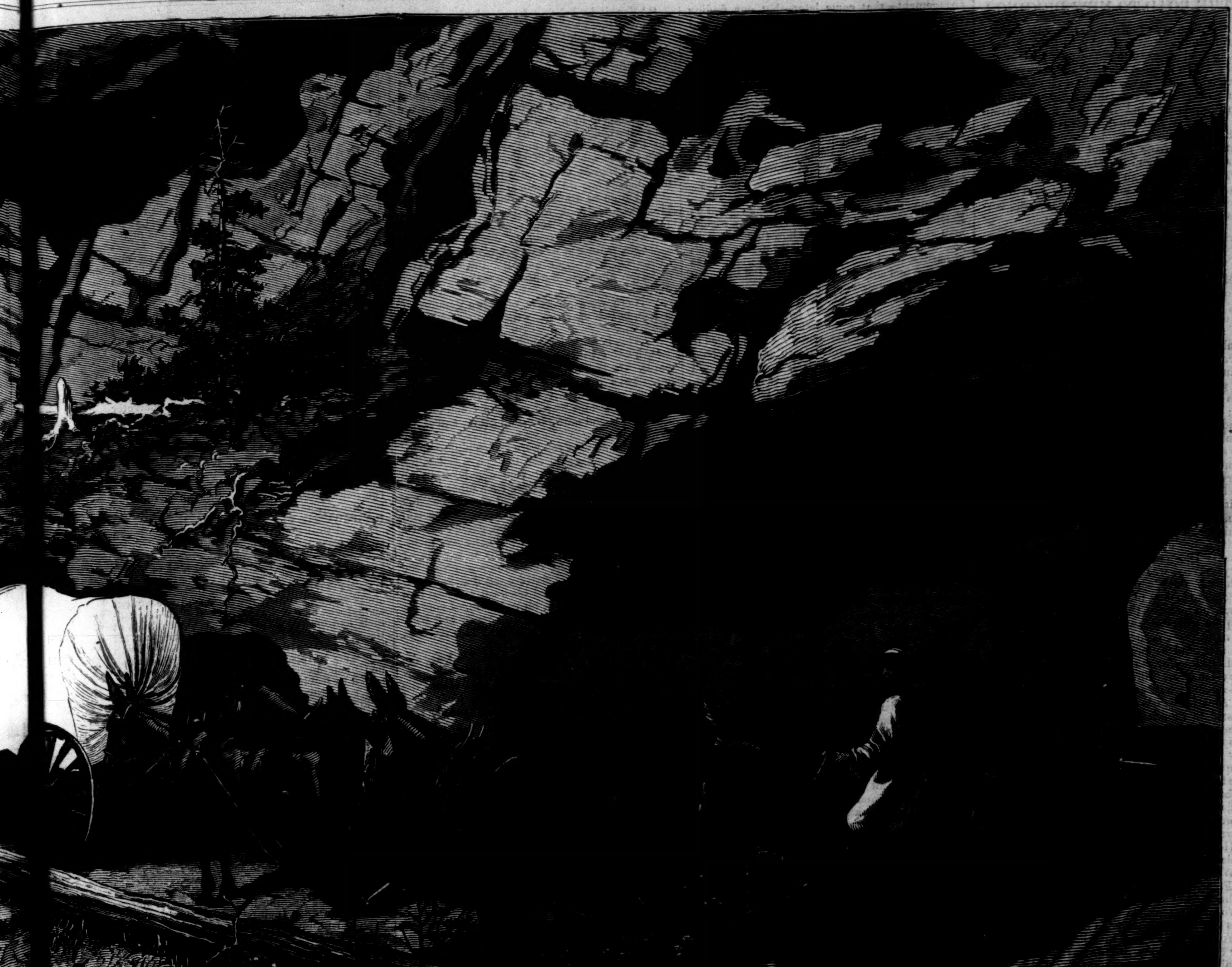
ON THE WAY TO NEW DIGGINGS—HALT IN A ROUG SS C


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

UGH SS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—[See Page 362.]



ON THE WAY TO NEW DIGGINGS—HALT IN A ROUG


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

ROUG S OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—[See Page 362.]

ON THE ROAD TO NEW DIGGINGS.

OUR double-page engraving represents a party of Western miners on their way, with a long train of mules and wagons, to some new part of the country where gold or silver diggings have been discovered. They have come to a very steep and rough portion of the mountain gorge, through which they slowly wind their way, and the train halts for a few moments to give the teams a breathing spell before commencing the harder ascent. Our artists traveled for several days with such a party, and the picture we give is an accurate transcript of an actual scene, both as regards the picturesque and romantic pass where the halt has taken place and the figures and costumes of the miners.

IN AN ELEVATOR.

"MRS. JAMES ALSOP at home on the Thursdays of December from 2 to 5 P.M. Hotel Kelleran, West Roylston Street."

It was the last Thursday of December, and quite a little throng of fashionable people had assembled at the Hotel Kelleran in response to this card. The preceding Thursdays had been wet and stormy; this was a model winter's day, crisp with frost and sparkling with sun. Carriages drew up before the door in long, double rows; a mob waited on the sidewalk to watch the ladies going in; the elevator was on the wing continually, bearing gorgeous dames aloft to the third story. It was a busy afternoon for the porter and the "elevator boy;" but as that functionary, a youth of some forty summers, remarked to his confederates, "Weddings is weddings, and it ain't every day we have a bride in the house, 'specially such a stunner as this one. Gorry! ain't she a beauty neither? I'd like to be a-takin' of her up all day!"

Estella Blodgett had always been called a beauty. Why, was not so easy to say, for, as she herself once candidly remarked, "When you come to look at me, I'm not so very pretty—in fact, no prettier than other people." This was quite true. Beauty often consists in a certain nameless charm; brightness, unexpectedness, tact, and sweetness combined, and these Estella had. For the rest, there were dark hair and eyes, a clear, brilliant skin, a dimple, a white slender hand; but, as I said, she was no prettier than American girls are apt to be, only people persisted in thinking her so. She wore these unmerited laurels gracefully enough; success did not spoil her; her list of friends numbered as many women as men, which is always a test to the qualities of a beauty. But never, people agreed, had Estella Blodgett been sweeter, more unaffectedly cordial and fascinating, than was Estella Alsop that afternoon as she glided about her pretty new rooms, welcoming, greeting, making every one feel at home.

"How happy she looks!" observed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Well, who *wouldn't* be happy, with the loveliest French trousseau that ever was, and such a nice husband as hers?" asked Constance Ferris.

Two or three people laughed at the unconscious warmth of Constance's tone.

"For my part," put in Alice Ordway, "I never could quite see that James Alsop was so charming. He shuts me right up; I don't get on with him at all. Estella used to feel so too, and I never understood how she came to like him at the last."

"Ah, you never tried him in an elevator," said Mrs. Dalrymple, looking funny.

"In an elevator! What *do* you mean?"

"Oh, thereby hangs a tale."

"Who is that lady in gray that hast just come in?" inquired Constance. "See, Estella is speaking to her now."

"How pleased Mrs. Alsop looks!"

Estella was looking more than pleased. She had kissed the lady in gray twice as they met, and now stood holding her hands and speaking rapidly.

"You brought your bag, Ernest? You are going to stay? I've set my heart on having you christen our spare room."

"Yes, the bag is outside. Never mind it now, or me. We shall have time for all that by-and-by, and you have your other friends to see to."

"They are beginning to go. It is almost five. Run into my bedroom, Ernest; the one next this, and take off your bonnet."

"The elevator!—do tell me what you mean," persisted Alice Ordway, detaining Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Come round for five-o'clock tea to-morrow, and you shall have the full, true, and particular history," promised that lady. "It is too late for story-telling now. I must go."

The last guest departed, and Estella ran back into the drawing-room.

"Now, Ernest, dear old Ernest. I have you to myself at last. Come and get settled, and make believe you have lived here always. See, this is your room. Isn't it cozy?"

"It is charming"—looking about the dainty chamber, with its walls and carpet of pale gray touched with blue, its fresh chintzes, and gay little fire. "I never saw any thing prettier or more complete. How do you like living on a flat, Stella?"

"Oh, very much. I don't know about flats in general; but this is delightful, quiet, convenient, and we are so high up that we really have something like a view. James and I are very proud of our view. But we began with pleasant associations, you know. The Peytons used to live here. Such nice people! And here it was that it all began."

"It?"

"Yes, our *it*. Dear old stupid, you know what I mean; our engagement; no, not our engagement—that came later—but our finding each other out; the preliminary emotions, and all that."

"I [illegible] to hear about 'all that,'" said Ernestine, [illegible] they returned to the drawing-room and seated themselves before the fire. "I missed the letter you wrote at the time of your engagement, you remember, and really I know almost nothing, except that here you are."

"So you did. Well"—looking at the clock—"there's a good hour before dinner, and James will be late to-day, because he has gone to a faculty meeting. You know, of course, that he's a professor, and excessively wise and learned?"

"Yes; I know so much."

"I used to be dreadfully afraid of him," went on Estella, with a little laugh. "He isn't a society man at all, and doesn't know how to get on with young ladies. He used to talk to me sometimes at parties, but I was always stiff and silent. He made me feel shy and ignorant and light-minded somehow, the only man that ever did, and I quite thought that I disliked him. In fact, I used to say so. Several of the girls felt the same.

"The Peytons lived in these rooms last winter. Dear me! *is* it only last winter? It seems as if it must have been years ago, so much has happened since. They were lovely people, gay and kind, always giving the pleasantest little parties. They've gone to Europe now, or I should want you to know them. Well, they were going to have a little dinner on Mrs. Peyton's birthday, the 2d of December—just the Dalrymples and Sargeants; and Mrs. Peyton was to ask a gentleman to match me: eight of us there were to be. Harry Allen was to be the gentleman. He was a great ally of mine, and we all agreed that it would prove quite a perfect little affair.

"The very day before I had a note from Mrs. Peyton to say that Harry Allen's step-mother was dead, and she must get some one else. Who would I like? I wrote back that it didn't matter much; Leslie Clark would be nice, if he were disengaged. But though I said so, I *did* care quite a good deal. You know it makes a difference who takes you in at one of those little dinners. Your evening is pleasant or stupid according to whether the person next you is nice or not; so I hoped Leslie Clark would be available; for though he doesn't amount to very much, he is always chatty and pleasant *et homme du monde*.

"Somehow I had a feeling that the evening was going to be *important!* Isn't it strange how such impressions seize upon you? I never took more pains with my toilette for any party, and my dress was lovely, though I say it—one of those cream-white Chinese stuffs made up over pale yellow; and I had a splendid great velvet red rose, with all the smell of the summer in it, for the *corsage*, and a set of brown crystals. I really looked remarkably nice, and set out in the highest spirits. So you can imagine my feelings when, just as I was getting out of my carriage, another drew up, and James Alsop stepped out in dress-coat and gloves, evidently bound for the dinner. Leslie Clark had proved engaged, and Mrs. Peyton, casting about for a substitute, had lighted on James. She hadn't the least idea, of course, that I disliked him.

"It makes me laugh to recollect how cross I felt. And he looked equally dissatisfied. He confesses *now* that he was a good deal put out. My shyness and avoidance had rebuffed him, and he had made up his mind that I was 'frivolous,' and that he would let me alone in future.

"With a vague hope that he might be bound for the first story or the second, I remarked, 'Good-evening, Mr. Alsop. Are we both *en route* for Mrs. Peyton's?'

"'For Mrs. Peyton's,' he replied, with a stiff little bow. Then we took our place in the elevator as gloomily as though we were going to a funeral instead of a dinner party. Dear me, how funny it was! The man below started us, and up we went. There wasn't any 'elevator boy' then. That's an improvement put in since our accident."

"An accident! Did you have one?"

"Oh dear, yes—the most ridiculous possible. Half-way between the second floor and the third the elevator *stuck*. What was the matter exactly I have never been able to understand, though James has explained it several times; but I think the chain was clogged in some way, and wouldn't work either up or down. When it first stopped we thought it some mistake, and waited patiently, but after a minute James grew uneasy. He twitched the rope, but all to no purpose; then he began to call, hoping somebody below would hear us.

"We were so near the Peytons' floor that we could see the light shining through the glazed door at top. The elevator had an open-work roof—criss-cross, you know, with quite large holes between the criss-crossings. It was not dark; we could see each other plainly. By-and-by we heard bells ringing below in a distracted way, feet running up the stairs, and voices; then the door at top shot back, and some one called out,

"'Miss Blodgett, are you there?'

"'Yes,' I said; 'I wish I wasn't.'

"'What's the matter with the pulleys?' called out James.

"'Oh, Alsop, you too? It isn't the pulleys, they say; it's something else. But it's sure to be all right in a few minutes; they've sent for a man to come and fix it.'

"'Was there ever any thing so provoking since the world began?' chimed in Mrs. Peyton. (I could just dimly see her profile through the open-work.) 'Don't catch cold, Estella, whatever you do. Keep your cloak tightly around you. You'll see that she's wrapped up, won't you, Mr. Alsop? It's such a comfort that you are there to take care of her.'

"'Are you warm enough?' asked James, in a formal voice.

"'Yes, indeed;' and I showed him that my wrap was lined with fur.

"'That is well,' he said; 'there is always a draught in a shaft like this.'

"Well—of course nobody could keep on being stiff under such circumstances—we got to talking. The dinner party arrived, the Dalrymples and Sargeants. One by one they came to the glazed door to look down and pity us, and what between sympathy and the ludicrous nature of our fix, they laughed and we laughed, till we were in the merriest of moods. All this time confused sounds of scraping and sawing came from below, but we remained immovable.

"'Do go to dinner,' I called out, for I knew Mrs. Peyton's cook must be on tenter-hooks. 'We don't care for soup; do we, Mr. Alsop? We will come in for the fish.'

"'No, neither of us eats soup,' echoed James. 'Pray begin without us, Mrs. Peyton. We'll make our appearance when you get to something we like.'

"There were all sorts of polite demurs, of course, but at last they went away and left us *tête-à-tête*.

"'This is absurd enough,' said James.

"'Yes,' I said; 'but, after all, it might be worse. It is only to forget that we can't get out. Let's make believe, as the children say, that we are at a party, and that this is a cozy little boudoir into which we have come on purpose to rest and entertain each other, and it will be quite nice.'

"'I had no idea you were such a philosopher,' said James. I could see that he was smiling behind his mustache. 'A boudoir be it, by all means, and we *will* entertain each other.'

"We did. What we talked about I couldn't pretend to say—every thing in heaven and earth, I think—poetry, science, religion, gossip. James says it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent. He says I never looked so pretty in my life—I was only half visible, you know—and that the rose in my dress kept darting out delicious sudden smells which affected his head and cast him into a glamour. It is all nonsense, of course; but do you know, Ernest, I do really and truly think that he fell a little in love with me then and there, and I with him?

"Every little while somebody would leave the table to condole with us, and report just how far the dinner had progressed. Now it was the game, now the salad, then the *biscuit glacé*. I began to grow hungry, and James became ravenous.

"'I say,' he called out to Mrs. Peyton. 'If some sandwiches were cut very long and narrow, and judiciously lowered, I *think* we could entice them in through this net-work.'

"I suppose we did look like chickens in a coop. Never was any thing so absurd seen as Mr. Peyton and Mr. Dalrymple dangling morsels of bread and butter and chicken tied to long strings toward us, and James *spearing* them with the hook of his umbrella. They sent down fried oysters one by one, wrapped in paper. They sent down macaroons and lady-biscuit. A good many things lodged on top of the elevator, but some came in, and we were very glad of them. They even attempted Champagne in a Cologne bottle, but that upset, and rained down on my dress.

"'What a pity!' cried James, sponging me with his handkerchief. 'Your gown is ruined, I fear.'

"'Champagne improves every thing,' I said, and laughed it off. I really didn't care. What with the singularity of our adventure, and all the fun we had made, I was quite enjoying myself, and the gown seemed of no consequence. Dear old gown! I have it still. James says I am always to wear it on the anniversary of that evening.

"All this time I was lost in wonder that he should be so agreeable. I can't tell you, Ernest, how nice he was that night. All his scholarly stiffness melted away; he was easy, merry, friendly, and oh, so kind! I found myself talking to him about all sorts of trifles, which the day before I should as soon have thought of confiding to the observatory. I even told him what I was going to wear to the charity ball! Think of that!

"It was ten o'clock before the elevator stirred. Then it gave a jerk, and, before we could speak, down, down it fell with a dreadful, smashing rapidity. The stupid people, in trying to mend matters, had let the chain slip off the wheel! Oh!"—drawing a long breath—"it makes me shudder now to think of it. The sensation was sickening."

"Were you hurt?"

"No; never was such a miraculous escape. Do you know, in the very middle of our descent I recollected having read somewhere that to rise on your tiptoes and come down again on the soles of your feet at the moment of touching would break such a fall. And I rose on mine."

"Wonderful! And were you really not hurt?"

"Hardly at all. I was jarred and bruised a little, and James a good deal more, for I hadn't time to tell him about the tiptoes, and he was intent on holding me firm. Our friends from above rushed down, expecting to find us in little pieces, and were beside themselves with joy when we were drawn out almost unharmed. We all vowed that we should never venture again into an elevator, but, bless you, we have all broken the vow since. Such a house as this would be uninhabitable without one."

"I really don't think I shall," said Ernestine, looking quite pale. "It terrifies me to remember that only to-day I came up in this of yours."

"Oh, ours is the safest in the city now. You know the superstition about the cannon-balls never entering twice at the same place. We have had our accident, and it is over. Besides, Mr. Kelleran had the apparatus entirely changed, and they say now that such a thing could not happen."

"So then and there your romance began?" remarked her friend.

"Then and there. Of course James came to see me afterward, and kept coming, and I had quite got over being afraid of him, and so—and so— Ah, there he is at last," as the door opened. "James dear, how late you are! Come here and be introduced to my Ernest."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE origin of the horns of the deer has recently been accounted for, especially in respect to the peculiar periodicity of their growth and subsequent shedding. It is well known that during the early winter male deer are hornless, but toward spring the tissues at certain points of the frontal bones thicken, and the enlarged arteries bring additional nutritive material, especially phosphate of lime, for the construction of horns. These grow so rapidly that horns weighing as much as seventy-two pounds have been produced in ten weeks. The lowest types of deer now living have unbranched horns, but shed them like the others. Some years ago there was discovered in the upper miocene beds of France an animal which might have been a deer but for the fact that it did not shed its horns when living. It was called *Dicroceras dichotomus*. Subsequently a similar species was obtained by Dr. HAYDEN in Nebraska, and was named *Antilope furcata*. A species of different character was discovered at the same time, and it had apparently shed its horn, and had a new one united to its base by a bur, as in the deer. It was described as *Cervus warrenii*. Professor COPE, of the WHEELER survey, rediscovered these species in New Mexico, along with two others not previously known, and referred them all to the genus *Dicroceras*, on account of the following observations: He noticed that in about half the individuals of a given species the horns are attached to the skull without interruption, as in an antelope, while in the others it had evidently been broken off and reunited. A mass of bony projections was developed at the point of union, producing a small "bur," as in the living deer. It was evident that the cause of these appearances was an ordinary fracture and subsequent anchylosis, and it was supposed that the animals had broken off their horns in combats at the rutting season, in the spring of the year. It was inferred, further, that the excess of growth necessary to repair became, like many other animal phenomena, periodical, and that it was followed by feebleness and death of the horn. The latter was then cast off like any ordinary slough of dead bone.

A valuable report by Professor CHANDLER upon the sanitary chemistry of waters, and suggestions with regard to the selection of the water supply of towns and cities, has just been reprinted from papers of the American Public Health Association, the whole forming an important manual in connection with the plans of water supply for towns and cities.

Professor CHANDLER in this report considers the nature of the impurities contained in water and their effect upon the public health, and gives particular attention to the pollution of streams by the refuse from factories and by sewage. He is, however, quite satisfied that a certain class of impurities, especially those of an animal nature, in time become harmless by their decay, consequent upon their combination with the oxygen in running waters, this relief, however, not applying to the case of confined wells. The experiences of the Thames coincide with those of the Hudson in this respect.

It has been calculated that sewage mixed with twenty times its volume of running water, after flowing a distance of ten or twelve miles, is absolutely purified by infusorial animals, aquatic plants, and chemical oxidation.

The professor makes a special application of his researches to the Croton water, and derives, as a general conclusion from the whole, that for the supply of cities, rivers and lakes are very decidedly superior to wells, which should always be viewed with suspicion, on account of the danger of contamination from the drainage of the soil, leakages from cess-pools and private vaults.

Professor SCHMICK has called attention to the fact that his theory of the existence of regular periodical changes of the level of the sea, and especially of a secular movement from the northern to the southern hemisphere, is apparently supported by the conclusion of the astronomer NYREN. The latter has shown that the latitudes of all well-determined observatories in the northern hemisphere have slightly diminished since accurate observations began. This phenomenon is, according to SCHMICK, easily explained by the hypothesis that the water of the Southern Ocean is now about perhaps two feet deeper than it was a hundred years ago, which hypothesis accords precisely with the conclusion to which he was led by the entirely different course of reasoning published by him some years ago in his works on floods, etc.

It is a curious fact that the little island of Amsterdam, in the South Indian Ocean, is known to be covered with trees, while that of St. Pauls, only fifty miles to the south, is destitute of a shrub. Botanists have long been anxious to determine the character of the Amsterdam forest, but the difficulty of effecting a landing on the island has generally prevented the collection of specimens. In the last part of the *Journal of the Linnæan Society* Dr. HOOKER announces that at length he has received the desired specimens, these having been collected by Commodore GOODENOUGH, who states that they represent the only species of tree growing on the island. Dr. HOOKER identifies this with the *Phylica arborea* of THOUARS, a tree which, strangely enough, is found in the remote island of Tristan d'Acunha. It is a problem for those who study insular floras to suggest how the same plant can have established itself on these two little specks of land separated from each other by about five thousand miles of ocean.

The fifth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island, made to the General Assembly in January, 1875, has been published, and contains an account of what has been done by the Commissioners in pursuance of their trust. The efforts of the Commissioners have been largely directed toward restocking the rivers of the State with salmon, of which about 200,000 young were introduced into sundry rivers, particularly the Pawtuxet. Many young salmon were seen in the stream during 1874, and the prospect of success is very encouraging.

The Commissioners render their acknowledgments to the United States Fish Commission for a large supply of young shad placed in the Pawtuxet and other rivers.

An extended distribution of eggs and spawn of trout was also made. A good deal was also done with black bass; and it is probable that before long every considerable body of water in the State will be supplied with this fish.

In an appendix to the report is given a list of the various laws that have been passed for the regulation of the fisheries in Rhode Island.

The death of Mr. Seguin, Sen., correspondent in the section of mechanics in the Academy of Sciences of Paris, took place at Annonay on the 24th of February, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

An act was passed by the recent Congress providing for the payment to the survivors of the *Polaris* in the arctic expedition under command of Captain Hall, their widows or minor children, of a sum of money, in addition to that already paid, equal to one year's pay which each would have been entitled to respectively, if continued in the service, under rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy for the said exploring expedition, and that the sum of $360 each be paid to Esquimaux Joe and Hanna.

The act further provides that if any sale, assignment, or transfer shall be made of any interest in the gratuity provided by this act, the amount so assigned shall revert to the government of the United States.

The act does not include Mrs. Hall in its provisions, as she has received the sum of $15,000 from the government for the manuscripts of Captain Hall.

Appropriations for the expense of the British arctic expedition have lately passed the House of Commons to the amount of £98,620, with a supplementary sum of £16,000 for the following fiscal year. An additional appropriation is expected of £13,000 for each additional year of service of the survey. It is proposed also to provide for a further appropriation of £50,000 in the event of the necessity of sending out a relief ship should the expedition not return as soon as expected.

It is settled that a man-of-war will accompany the expedition as far as Upernavik, where she will fill up the ships with coal and provisions. Mr. Allen Young, a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, has, it is said, purchased the *Pandora*, for the purpose of accompanying the *Alert* during the summer, as a private enterprise.

Professor E. Bandelot, a well-known French physiologist and naturalist, died on the 23d of February, at the age of forty, and his death is dwelt upon by the French journals as a very serious loss to science. His principal labors had reference to certain points in the anatomy and physiology of the fishes, such as ventral disks, the distribution of the nerves, the structure of the brain, the sucking disk of the remora, etc., although he also published several papers in relation to the anatomy and physiology of the mollusks and radiates.

The committee for regulating national and international horticultural exhibitions proposes to hold a grand international horticultural exhibition and congress in the Palace of Industry, Amsterdam, in 1876, and has issued a bulletin on the subject.

The last exhibition of this character took place at Amsterdam in 1865, and after so long an interval it is believed that a second display can be made which will be very interesting and attractive. It is proposed that the articles to be exhibited shall be confined to a definite number, as possibly to cotton, madder, indigo, gutta-percha, India rubber, ethereal oils, fatty oils and fats, materials for paper manufacture, Dutch cereals, tobacco, and Peruvian bark, possibly with the addition of a few minor objects, such as vegetable wax, cachou, sarsaparilla, resins, copal, vanilla, grass plaiting, etc. The precise date of the congress has not yet been fixed, but will be announced hereafter.

Among the States in which geological surveys are in progress, Alabama is to be enumerated, and a report of operations has recently been made by Dr. Smith, State geologist. This is occupied principally with the results of analyses of certain limestones, one of which, from Shelby County, is stated to contain over ninety-four per cent. of pure carbonate of lime.

As already mentioned by us, the oldest member of the Academy of Sciences of France died lately in the person of M. Mathieu, this occurring on the 5th of March, in the ninety-third year of his age. His principal publication was his *History of Astronomy in the Eighteenth Century*; but his scientific and literary work had reference mainly to the *Annual of the Bureau des Longitudes*, of which he was the editor for many years. He also for a considerable time had charge of the *Connaissance des Temps*.

An account has just been published of an exploration of the great oasis of Western Egypt by the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, accompanied by Professor Brugsch-Bey, Dr. Lüttge, and others. His party was attended by forty camels, and was occupied in a march of four days and a half over the Libyan Desert to the main station, El Khargeh. Here a careful examination was made of the ruins belonging to the times of the Pharaohs and the later periods of the Roman occupation.

An eminent Swedish naturalist has passed away in the person of Professor Carl J. Sundevall, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Born in 1801, he was a graduate of the university of Lund, and in 1824 made an exploration of the fauna of the islands of Gottland and Oland. In 1827 he visited the East Indies, and in 1838 accompanied the French scientific expedition to Spitzbergen under Gaimard, on his return crossing the mountains from Hammerfest to the Gulf of Tornea. In 1839 he became curator of the National Museum at Stockholm, and devoted himself to the investigation of the natural history of his country, and published works upon the fishes, birds, mammals, etc.

Professor Sundevall is well known among ornithologists as the author of numerous important papers and monographs, and contributed in no mean degree to the establishment of the modern principles of scientific arrangement and classification of birds.

During the summer of 1874 a committee of the Icelanders resident in Wisconsin visited Alaska for the purpose of ascertaining whether that country would be suitable for an emigration of Icelanders from their native island. The Secretary of the Navy furnished them transportation on board the *Portsmouth*, and secured to them ample opportunity of making the examination in question. Their report has just been printed by the government, from which we learn that the investigation was highly satisfactory to the committee, and tended to dispel many of the prevalent ideas as to the character and value of the region.

On Cook's Inlet the committee found large varieties of fine timber and an unexpected amount of summer weather, winter beginning as late as the middle of November and ending the middle of March. They were informed by a resident that cabbages, potatoes, and other garden vegetables grew readily, and that nothing else, to his knowledge, had ever been tried. He stated, however, that there was a settlement near by where rye was raised. They were very decided in their impression of the advantages which the island of Kodiak would furnish to the people of their country, there being an abundance of timber east of the 151st meridian; west of that it was open plain, with plenty of excellent pasturage. Potatoes they found to do well, as also cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables. They considered that any thing which grows in Scotland would succeed in Kodiak. Pasture land they found admirable all along the coast, and considered it probable that it was equally good in the many valleys which lead from the bays to the interior. Fish were very abundant, salmon being in the greatest profusion, while cod-fish and halibut were also very plenty, and caught without boats, fishing from the wharf or rocks. They corroborate very emphatically the general accuracy of Mr. Dall's report of the country as contained in *Alaska and its Resources*, and consider him correct in all essential matters. The land in every respect has advantages over Iceland, the climate being milder in winter without being warmer in summer, and the summer lasting longer than it does in Iceland. "They therefore do not hesitate to recommend those of their countrymen who are minded to emigrate to do so, and they make this recommendation after conscientious deliberation, and in the firm belief that it would be for their advantage, the land appearing in every respect adapted to their needs, and answering completely to all their expectations."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The *Alert*, a British ship of war, and the *Discovery*, originally an arctic whaler, are two vessels which have been recently fitted up for the coming British expedition to the polar regions. They have been strengthened in every possible way, that they may safely navigate the rough and icy waters of the arctic seas. The preparations for the comfort of the crews are not yet finished, but they will be of the most complete kind. Soft leather, felt, and thick woolen cloth will be used to convert the cabins of the men into warm and comfortable quarters. Each ship will carry eight boats—three whalers, one cutter, three ice-boats, and a jolly-boat. For the work of exploration in the frozen regions the sledge outfit of the expedition is of great importance. This will consist of four large size or twelve-man sledges, eleven second size or eight-man sledges, and eleven small size or five-man sledges, two large and two small size boat or luggage sledges, four small "satellites," or dog-sledges, and a couple of newly designed "bridge and ladder" sledges, with a carrying capacity of three tons, while unloaded they form a scientifically constructed girder for crossing a chasm, or a ladder for scaling an inaccessible hummock. These sledges are constructed after the general system adopted by the Esquimaux, with special reference to the rough usage to which they will be exposed, and ingenious arrangements are added so that the men can easily and readily attach themselves to the sledges and detach themselves from them during their explorations. Tents of various sizes are provided for the traveling parties. The sleeping arrangements for the tents are peculiar. The bed itself consists merely of robes and coverlets of thick blanket cloth, called *duffle*, and a knapsack forms the pillow for each man. But in addition every one will have a "sleeping bag" of *duffle* into which he will creep at night. The London *Standard* describes this sleeping bag as about seven feet in length, somewhat coffin-like, with a slit about thirty inches, commencing a foot from the head and running toward the feet. Into this aperture, which can be closed from the inside by buttons and button-holes, a man can easily insinuate himself, and once there he can sleep with the certainty that no amount of restlessness will untuck the bed-clothes, while he can also sit up in it and take his meals by simply unbuttoning the front. This sleeping arrangement is said to answer perfectly well when the temperature does not sink more than thirty degrees below zero. If it falls much below that tolerably frigid point an additional coverlet is required, and a small blanket bag to envelop the feet inside the sleeping bag. In temperatures so low that tents are uninhabitable, snow huts will be constructed.

The *Alert* and the *Discovery* will sail from England early in June for Cape Farewell. Thence the *Alert* will go as far north as possible, and find a snug harbor in which to winter preparatory to sending out sledge parties in the spring. The *Discovery* will not proceed beyond Newman's Bay, eighty-three degrees north, where she will winter, and be prepared next spring to open communications with the *Alert* and with a third ship, which will be sent out to bring back news next year.

April 13 was a surprise to every body. A mid-winter snow-storm in the very middle of spring is unexpected, to say the least. Two days before, a summer-like warmth had burst upon our city, furs and overcoats were laid aside, the soft, balmy air whispered of springing grass and opening buds. And then came dreary hours, when the cold wind blew and fast-falling snow-flakes whitened the earth. At first it was pronounced a "snow-squall;" but no, the storm lasted through the whole day and far into the night. Next morning a beautiful sight met the gaze of early risers. Not a breath of air was stirring, and every tree and shrub stretched out its spreading branches clothed in clinging vesture of pure white. The rising sun hastened to destroy the picture, and a few hours later the trees were brown and bare, and the earth's white carpet rapidly disappearing.

In this country there are three or four ice-boat clubs, all of which belong to towns situated along the Hudson River. The directors of the Centennial Exhibition have sent a formal application to the New Hamburg Ice-boat Club for a full-rigged ice-boat to be exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876. A boat will soon be constructed.

"Punnie," the adopted child of Jo and Hanna, the two Esquimaux who were so devoted to Captain Hall, recently died at Groton, Connecticut. By her friends in this country she was usually called "Silvie." This child, who showed marked intelligence and great sweetness of disposition, was purchased from her parents for an old sled and a jackknife. Little Punnie was one of the party of whites and Esquimaux who, under Captain Tyson, were separated from the *Polaris*, and drifted on an ice-floe in the dreary arctic seas from October 19, 1872, to April 30, 1873, when they were rescued by the *Tigress*. Punnie was receiving her education at Groton; but her health was not robust, and after having endured wonderful perils, and reached a quiet resting-place, not even the kindest care could save her from death.

It is consoling to those unfortunates who have been discomfited at recent spelling matches that some great writers of the English language have exhibited a similar insufficient acquaintance with orthography—Artemus Ward and Chaucer, for example.

It is said that Garibaldi is occupied, among other things, in planting the famous *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Australian gum-tree, around Rome, with a view to prevent malaria. Specimens of this tree are now common in the promenades and public gardens of Europe. It has also been introduced into Cuba, Corsica, Sicily, California, and on the Cape of Good Hope.

Professor Richard A. Proctor remembers his visit to America as "among the pleasantest events of his life." He proposes to try it again, and is expected to lecture in this country next season on the transits of Venus.

A terrible death recently occurred in the vicinity of Binghamton, which shows the great importance of physicians giving explicit directions in regard to medicines, and also of nurses understanding definitely how medicines are to be administered. A young man being prostrated by a severe cold, a physician was summoned. The first prescription did no good, and he was called again. This time the physician left some aqua ammonia, and the father of the patient understood that it was to be administered in tea-spoonful doses once in a few hours. He gave it to his son according to his understanding of the prescription. The result was immediately dreadful; the young man was literally burned to death internally, notwithstanding all remedies. The physician states that his directions were to put a tea-spoonful of ammonia in a tea-cup of water, and administer a tea-spoonful of the mixture at stated intervals.

American oats are said, on reliable authority, to be as good as the best raised any where. Why, then, is American oatmeal inferior to that imported from Scotland and Ireland? It is believed to be owing simply to the way the oats are kiln-dried and ground. American oatmeal costs to the retail purchaser about six cents a pound, but double that price is asked for the Irish or Scotch. As oatmeal is considered very wholesome, and is extensively used, it would surely be worth the while to have the American article properly prepared. Those who can afford it use the imported, which costs twice as much a pound as the finest family flour. But poor people can scarcely afford to pay twelve cents a pound for oatmeal, even if it is wholesome.

Police authorities of Paris and of most of the large towns in France have given orders to vendors of prints and photographs to remove from their windows all portraits of the Prince Imperial.

Many colored boys in the Southern States are growing up in ignorance of all kinds of labor, and indulging in habits of idleness. A number of leading colored men of Richmond, Virginia, propose to establish a school of industry in that city. The plan is matured. The object is to reclaim the idle colored youth from the streets and make them useful members of society by instructing them in the mechanic arts. They will have workshops, and carry out a general system of diversified labor, hoping in the end to make their institution self-sustaining.

Every one of the six tenors belonging to the operatic company connected with the Grand Opera, Paris, recently produced a medical certificate to the effect that he was suffering from bronchitis, and was unable to sing. Such a catastrophe has seldom been equaled in operatic history.

A piano needs care. It should be tuned at least four times a year. It should be protected against dampness as far as possible. Dust is very injurious, consequently a piano should not stand open when not in use. It is not well to allow the sun to shine on the instrument.

Veritable police court record:

"Young man, what is your name?" asked Judge Smith, at the police court one morning, of a handsome young man who seemed much the worse for his previous night's frolic.

"John Smith," responded the embarrassed youth.

"Where do you live?" was the next judicial interrogation.

"In West Twelfth Street," was the evasive reply.

"It can not be possible," solemnly remarked the judge, "that you are my cousin who was lost some months ago, and yet your singular name would lead me to that belief. Hold up your head and let me see your face."

The youth elevated his head to exhibit a scarlet countenance, and the judge, on scrutinizing it, said: "No, you're not the cousin; so you must be the other John Smith who gives me so much trouble here. Every time he is arrested he gives a different address and wears different clothes."

The youth protested that he had never been arrested before, but the judge said the records of the court would not justify his believing any such story. The clerk was directed to see how many times John Smith had been arrested during the week. The report came that he was entered nine times. Notwithstanding the documentary evidence to the contrary, the young man still held his ground. Finally the judge told the prisoner he would discharge him if he would swear he had never been arrested before. The youth swore; and as he was leaving, the judge said, "I won't ask you to swear that your name is Smith."

Strawberries first made their appearance in the London market this year on the 23d of March. Baskets containing from six to nine strawberries sold at about five shillings.

A curious historical relic was recently exhibited at the Lotus Club in this city. It was a miniature portrait of General George Washington, accompanied with a portrait of Martha Washington, each painted on ivory and incased in a medallion solid gold frame. The pictures have for nearly a hundred years been in the possession of the Washington family. The portrait of General Washington was painted in the Federal camp, during the siege of Boston, by Charles Wilson Peale, and presented to the general. Some years later the portrait of Martha Washington was painted, and the two pictures were inclosed in their present case, with the hair of General Washington and his wife. The expression of Washington's face gives a different impression from that conveyed by Stuart's famous portrait—a softer and more gentle expression. But it was taken earlier in Washington's life than Stuart's picture.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irishman, addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha! ha! ha!" said a by-stander; "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "And, sure, what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat; "and couldn't he pick it up wid his teeth? To ould Nick wid yer botheration!"

According to a Cape of Good Hope paper a "good-for-nothing wretch" was brought up before the magistrate on a charge of drunkenness. The evidence showed that he had been tipsy for a week, and he was asked what he had to say for himself. "Well, yer honor," he replied, "me and my old woman never did live easy together." "That's no excuse for your getting drunk," said the Court. "You're right, yer honor, and so it ain't," was the answer. "We used to fight like cats and dogs together." "Drinking made it worse," remarked the magistrate. "That's true," rejoined the man. "She discouraged the life out of me, and kept me poor, until last week, when—" "Well, what did she do last week?" "She died, yer honor." "And you have been drunk ever since?" "Yes, yer honor; I never could bear prosperity."

A man was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst on her enraptured sight, and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and then remarked, "She simply thought you better than nun."

When a man marries for money, it is more appropriate to speak of his spending the *money*-moon.

We have always understood that love laughs at locksmiths, but we were hardly prepared to believe that Cupid was such an ingenious young fellow as the following anecdote shows him to be. A fellow out West was courting a pretty girl, but her mother would not permit him to stay after ten o'clock, greatly to his and her daughter's disgust. Last New-Year's Day that young man presented the old lady with a patent clock of great beauty and ingenuity. The prospective mother-in-law was greatly pleased, and gave her old ticker to a poor woman who lived in the neighborhood. Now that young couple are happy, for this new clock is so constructed that it will lose three hours between eight and ten in the evening, and make it up all right before morning. The old lady watches the clock carefully and cries, "Ahem!" as usual when it gets to be ten. And yet, she says, she can't understand what makes her get so sleepy before ten, and hate to get up so bad the next morning.

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation: "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

There is a lady who will not permit her children to eat any thing of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear it may make them savage. She must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach, for fear it would make them green.

The following inscription was recently found on an unclaimed bonnet box at a railway station:

"This box contains my very best bonnet;
So, porter, I pray you, put nothing upon it—
It is made of a ribbon, a rose, and a feather,
With crimp lace and velvet to hold them together."

It is said that Professor Tyndall has had ocular demonstration of sound. He has seen his bed tick.

AN ORIENTAL COMIC SONG.

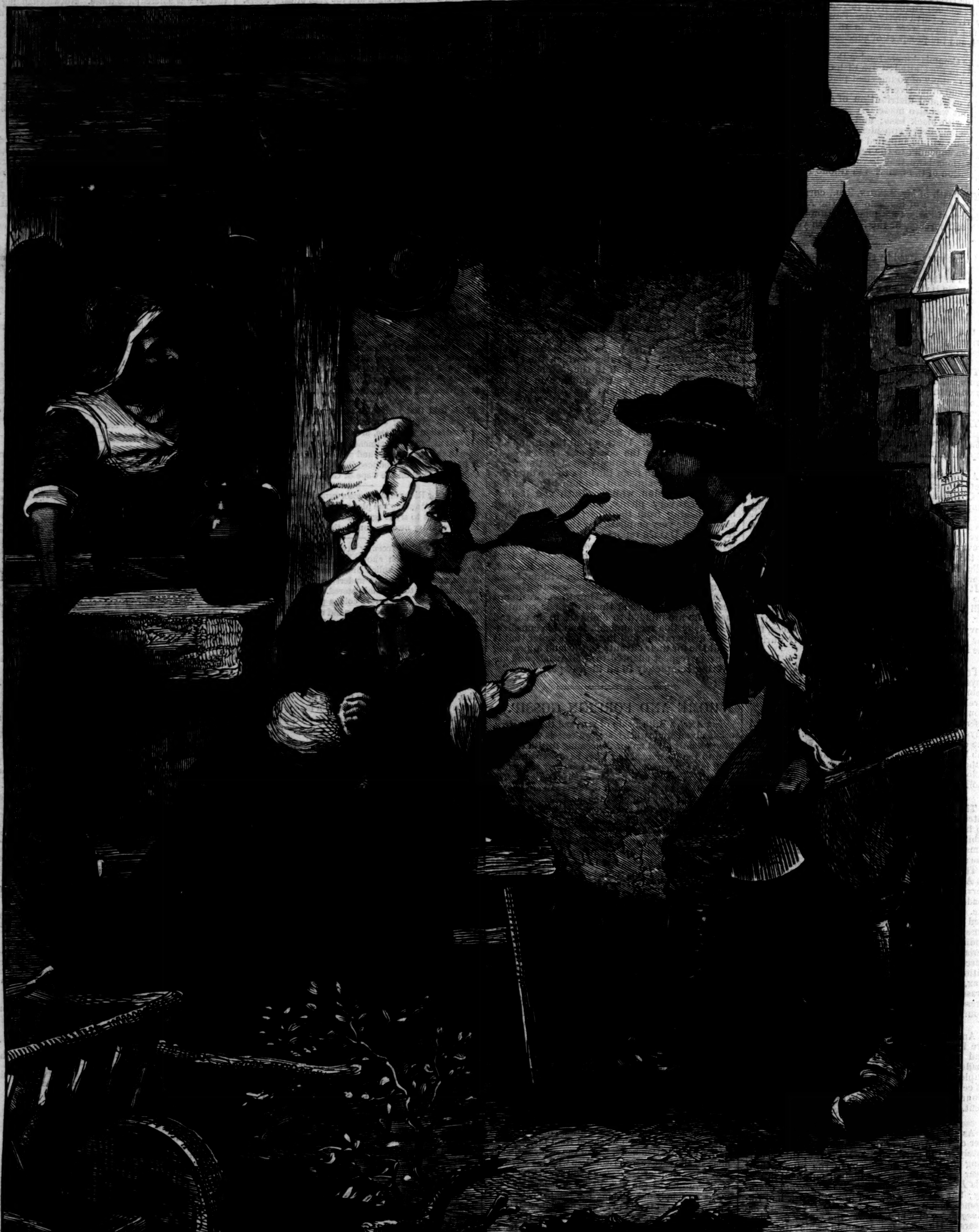
Once on a time, in Ispahan,
There reigned a very remarkable man,
Who crammed every day in his gaping maw
A whole stuffed lamb, besides a pillau,
Curiously made of peacocks' gizzards,
Scorpions, snails, and tails of lizards.
Oh! wasn't this a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad?

He fried an elephant cut in steaks;
He potted two hundred black-ringed snakes;
He stewed a zebra, boiled a boar,
Liked the last, and polished off four;
Scalloped a sea-cow, fried a whale,
Framed a dish from a tiger's tail
Oh! wasn't this a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad?

A regular shark at calves and cows,
He cleared the meadow and gutted the house;
All the week ate fowls in flocks,
Till the farmers tore their hair in shocks.
Ispahan was filled with sheep
Night and day; till never a sleep
The people got—a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad.

It was getting serious. Rama now
Looked on men with a thoughtful brow.
If a fat pasha came to dine,
He eyed him gloomily over his wine.
He pinched fat children; worse and worse,
He even pinched the monthly nurse.
He'd soon turn cannibal—oh! that bad,
Naughty Rama Amerazad!

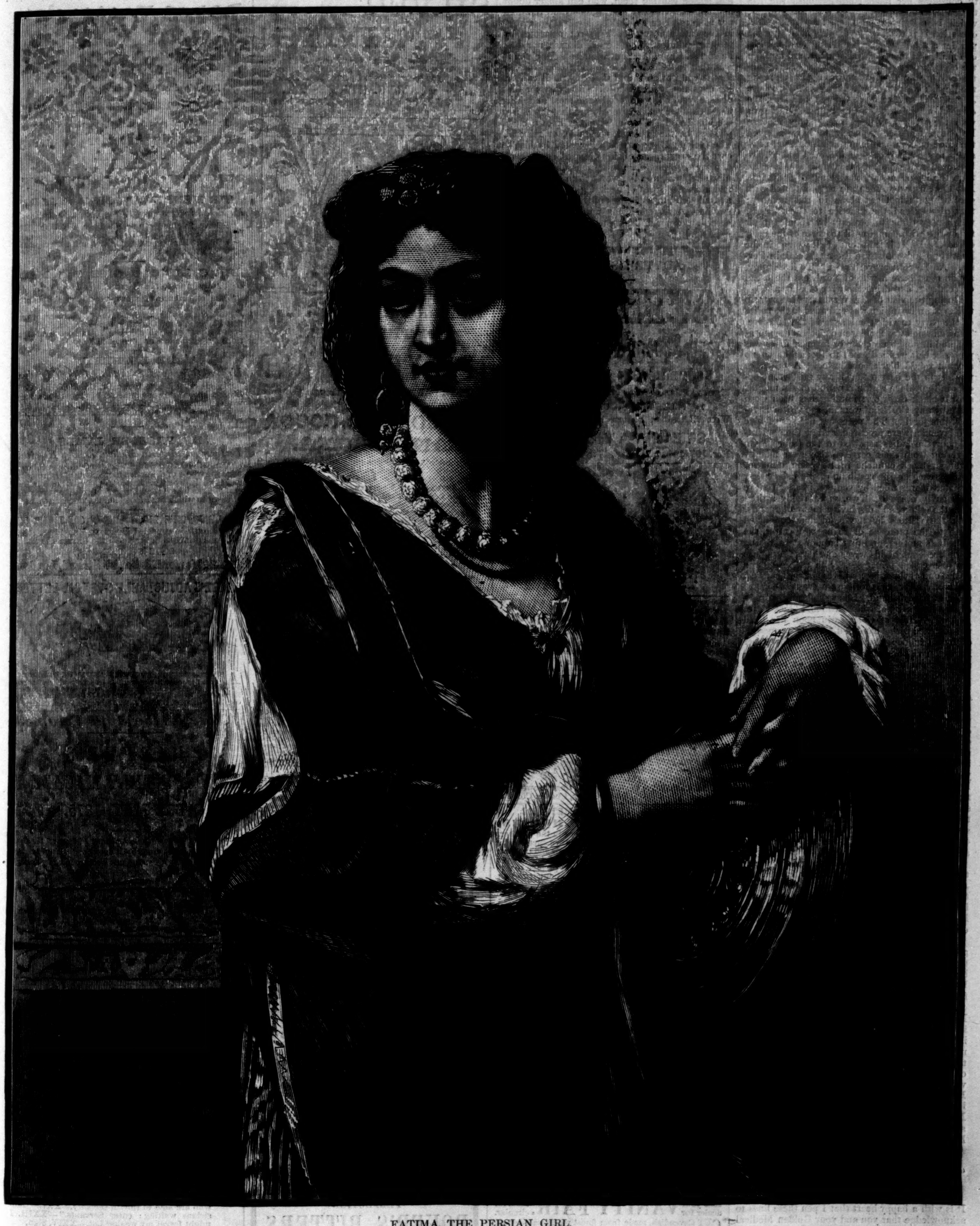
At last the rabble grew red-hot mad,
So rapidly Rama went to the bad.
They stormed the palace and killed the king—
In a pot he soon was simmering.
They baked him then in a mighty pie;
And didn't they gobble him—oh, my eye!
A very good end for one so bad
As Rama Brama Amerazad.



THE AMATEUR ARTIST.

THE AMATEUR ARTIST.

The scene of the pretty incident which forms the subject of our illustration is one of those picturesque and romantic villages of France where the simplicity of primitive manners and dress, and the old characteristic style of building, have not been swept away by the advancing tide of progress. To an American eye, accustomed to the white walls, green blinds, neat fences, and wide shaded door-yards of our villages, those of France and Italy suggest crowding and discomfort and inconveniences of various kinds for which no amount of the picturesque element can atone, however much they may be admired by artists and in pictures. No American would tolerate the rude axe and clumsy wheelbarrow shown in our picture, nor wear the heavy wooden shoes of the young peasant who is tracing on the sunny wall the graceful profile of his sweetheart. But there is something very attractive in the quiet, simple peasant life of France, except in certain poverty-stricken districts where the soil is poor and unproductive. There is not the stir and activity that one finds in an American village; but the people are for the most part contented, happy, and virtuous, kind-hearted, and very hospitable toward strangers.



FATIMA, THE PERSIAN GIRL.

THE PERSIAN GIRL.

The illustration on this page presents a picture of one of the Eastern beauties from among whom our poets are fond of choosing their heroines. There is a mystery and fascination about the customs and traditions of the East,

> "the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."

The lives and loves of the closely guarded inmates of the harem have been made the themes of poems, and inspired the pens of two of the greatest among all English poets. There is no poetical work in our language that rivals in fascination and interest the *Lalla Rookh* of Moore. The woes of Hinda and of Zelica are familiar to every reader, and the story of fair Nourmahal's success in winning back her caliph's straying heart is one of the sweetest ever told in verse. Byron's dark and bloody histories of the infidelities of his Eastern heroines, so quickly and barbarously punished by the bowstring and the sack, are among the most powerful creations of his own morbid genius.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gives us a fairer picture of harem life in the East, making it appear more innocent and attractive, and wearing something of the aspect that it does in the gorgeous description of the *Arabian Nights.* She speaks of the Circassian slaves as being bright and well educated, and of the repose and happiness expressed by the faces of the inmates of the harem, and their general contentment with their lot.

The original of our engraving may belong to the class of singing girls from Cashmere, who wander about from that delightful valley over the various parts of India. They go about unveiled, and, with the exception of the very lowest and most degraded classes, are the only women who do so. So closely are women guarded in India that to the ordinary traveler it would seem as if they had no existence at all. In Egypt and Syria, if they appear at all, they are closely veiled. Until lately it was so in Constantinople, but a little more freedom is now allowed them, and they are occasionally seen driving or walking, or floating upon the Bosphorus in their gayly cushioned caïques, but always under the close surveillance of the eunuchs, who act as the policemen of the harem. These women are richly dressed in habits of brightly colored silk which approximate to the European costume. The facilities of traveling and the numbers of people constantly visiting the East have had a tendency to introduce Western fashions and customs to a great extent, and the Turkish and Indian beauties are beginning to discard their loose trowsers and brilliant turbans in favor of the more flowing and graceful drapery worn by their European visitors. They still cover their faces, but their veils, which are thin, leave exposed, with bewitching effect, the eyes and eyebrows. The eyebrows are delicately painted and the edge of the eyelid blackened with a powder named the "black kohol." It is said that no Eastern beauty considers her toilet complete until she has tinged her hair and eyelashes with this powder, which is manufactured from lead ore. This operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterward through the eyelids, over the ball of the eye. This practice is of great antiquity, and was common among the Jewish women. In 2 Kings, ix. 30, where Jezebel is said to have painted her face, the original words stand, "She adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead ore." Our modern European belles seem lately to have adopted the same custom. It is not at all unusual nowadays to see a pair of beautiful eyes which have borrowed something of their depth and languor from the ingenious use of a pencil of India ink. But the Eastern women are not contented with decorating their faces alone in this manner; they also extend the practice to their hands, which they think to beautify by staining their finger-tips with henna until they are of the color of red coral. It is said that of all women in the East the handsomest are those of Yezd, in Persia. An Eastern proverb says, "To live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."

During the visit of Mr. William H. Seward to Egypt an invitation was extended to the ladies of the party to visit the harem of the Khedive. The invitation was for eleven o'clock in the morning, and although no color or form of dress was prescribed, it was indicated to them that on no account would black be allowed. A prejudice prevails in the harem that if any misfortune occurs in the palace within a period of six months after a black dress or trimming has been worn there by any Christian woman, the visitor is responsible for it. The necessary dresses of blue and lavender were procured, and at the appointed hour the ladies repaired to the palace. On alighting from their carriage they were met by eight jet-black eunuchs in Egyptian uniform. On approaching the vestibule of the palace they saw that it was filled by young Circassian slave girls gayly dressed. Two, more richly attired than the others, and displaying many diamonds, took the visitors by the hand and conducted them to the presence of Princess Validé, the Khedive's mother, and first lady of state, taking the precedence of his wives and daughters, who are also called princesses. She reclined on a divan, one of the princess-wives sitting near her, and sixty slave girls forming a crescent-shaped group at her left hand. She was elegantly dressed in a long skirt of white satin and black velvet jacket. A fold of violet satin upon her head was fastened with a band of diamonds, surmounted by an immense solitaire. She received her European visitors with great courtesy, and presented them to the princess-wife at her side. After an exchange of commonplaces such as are usual in every country, a chibouque was offered each of the ladies, which it is contrary to etiquette to decline. The guests were offered coffee, and entertained by the music and dancing of the slave girls from Circassia. The princess explained the condition of these girls, whom she seemed to consider very fortunate. They are brought away from their native lands when very young, and provided with dowries and husbands. It is quite usual for the Viceroy to choose a wife from among the slaves. The Princess Validé spoke of the European opera and ballet, which they are permitted to see as it is placed upon the stage at the theatres of Alexandria. It had quite disgusted them with the native performances of their own country.

The visit lasted three hours, and in taking their leave the princess cordially invited the American ladies to visit her again. In passing through the antechamber, iced sherbet was served in golden goblets. The slave girls brought the ladies their cloaks, and the eunuch guards conducted them to the gate of the palace.

On this occasion the princess-wife wore a green silk dress, with lace, hat, boots, and gloves that must have been imported from Paris, and her light brown hair was arranged in the latest Parisian fashion. The ladies of the harem confess to being very partial to European modes.

And thus Paris fashions are creeping into the East, and replacing the gorgeous and characteristic toilets of the olden times. The admission into the harem of European ladies robs it of its romance and mystery. Soon the turban and the trowsers of the Turkish maid will be a costume of the past. European manners and customs will usurp the place of the curious customs of the East, and as the world grows more cosmopolitan all resemblance between the heroines of Moore and Byron and their descendants in the same lands will be lost, and Eastern stories will lose their mystery and fascination.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD."

Flemington, Hunterdon Co., N. J., June 26, 1874.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—It is with a happy heart that I pen these lines to acknowledge that you and your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are blessings to the world. These medicines can not be too highly praised, for they have almost brought me out of the grave. Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs, and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets, and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. God's blessing rest on you and your wonderful medicines is the humble prayer of yours truly, James O. Bellis.

When a medicine will promptly cure such terrible eating ulcers and free the blood of the virulent poison causing them, who can longer doubt its wonderful virtues? Dr. Pierce, however, does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of skin diseases, as all forms of blotches, pimples, and eruptions, also all glandular swellings, and the worst form of scrofulous and ulcerated sores of neck, legs, or other parts, and all scrofulous diseases of the bones, as white swellings, fever sores, hip joint and spinal diseases, all of which belong to scrofulous diseases.—[*Com.*]

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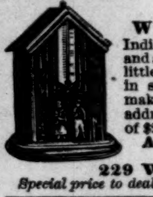

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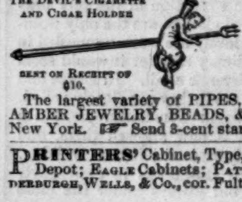

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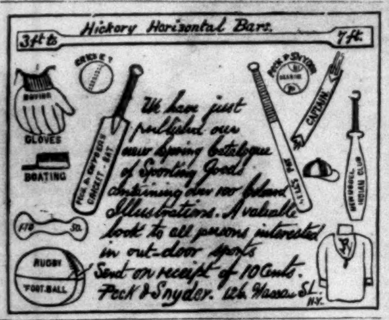

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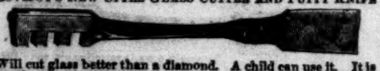

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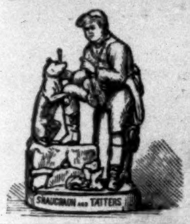

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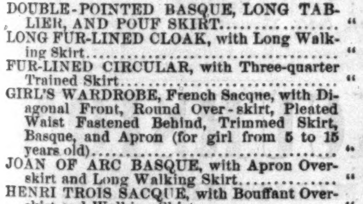

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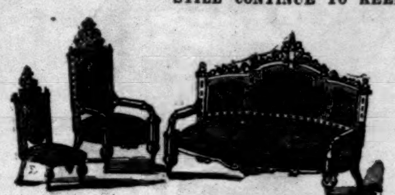

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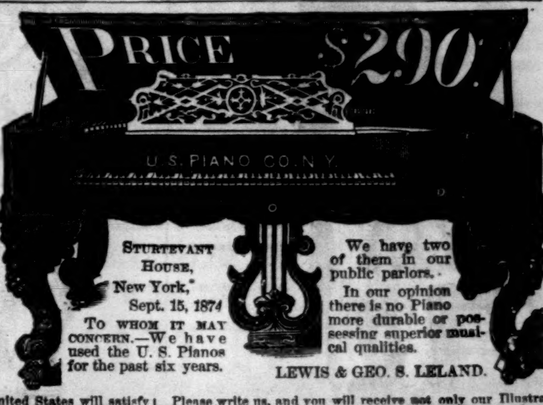
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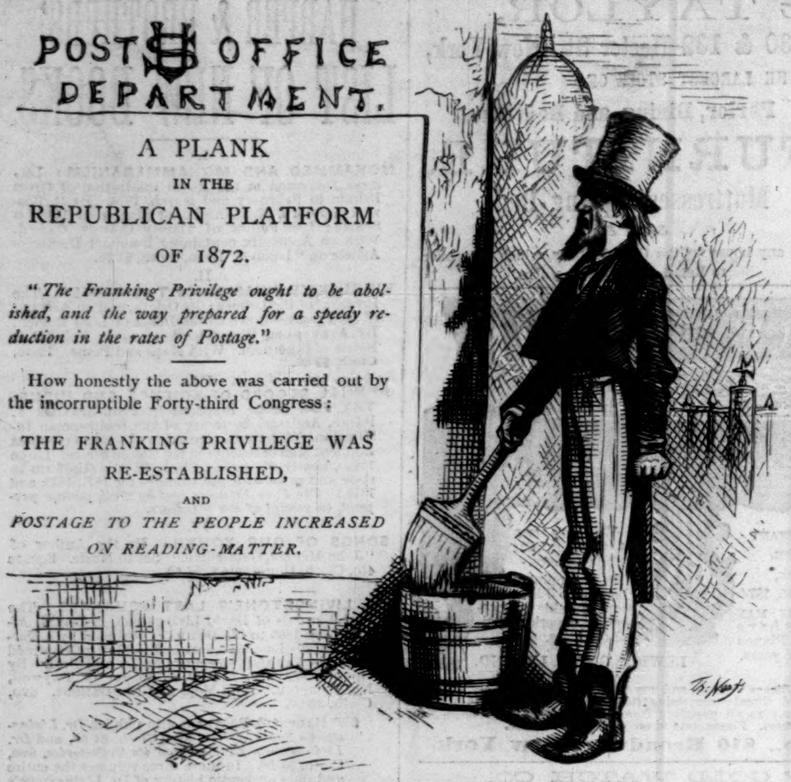

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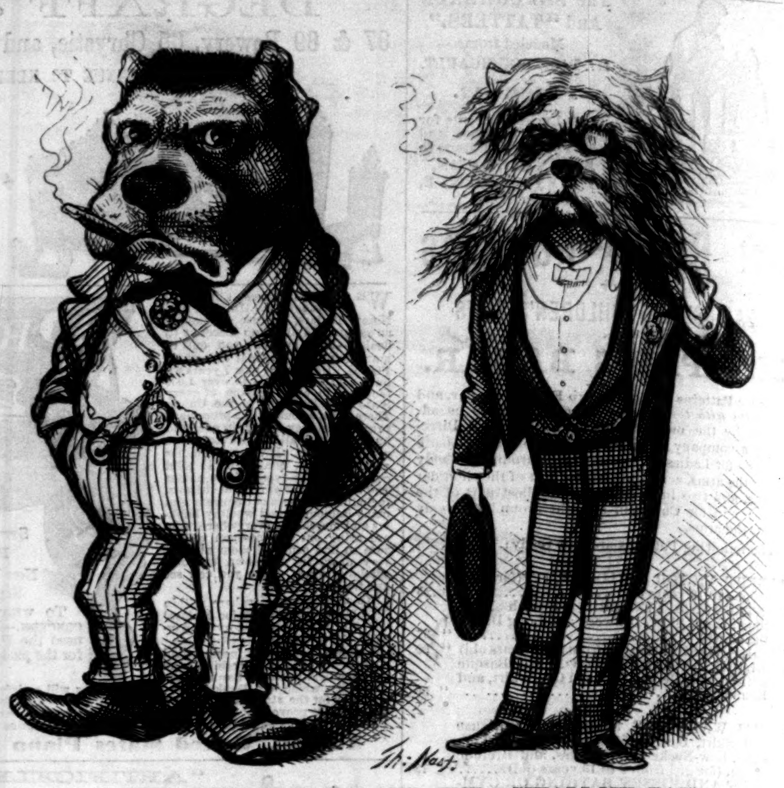

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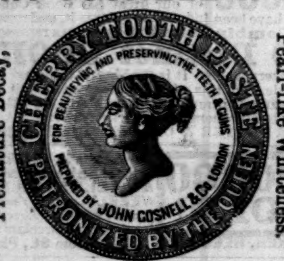

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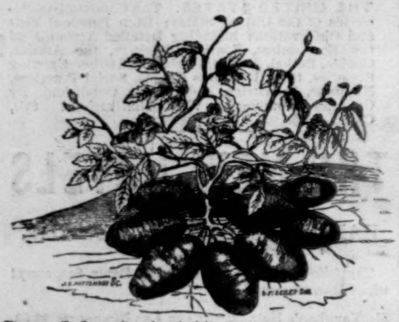
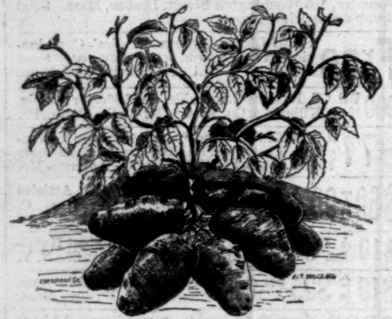


Snowflake, showing habit of growth in the hill.



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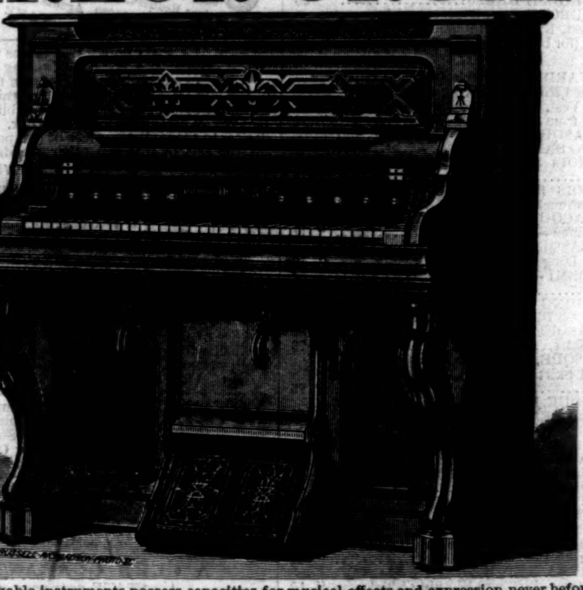

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AN ORATION

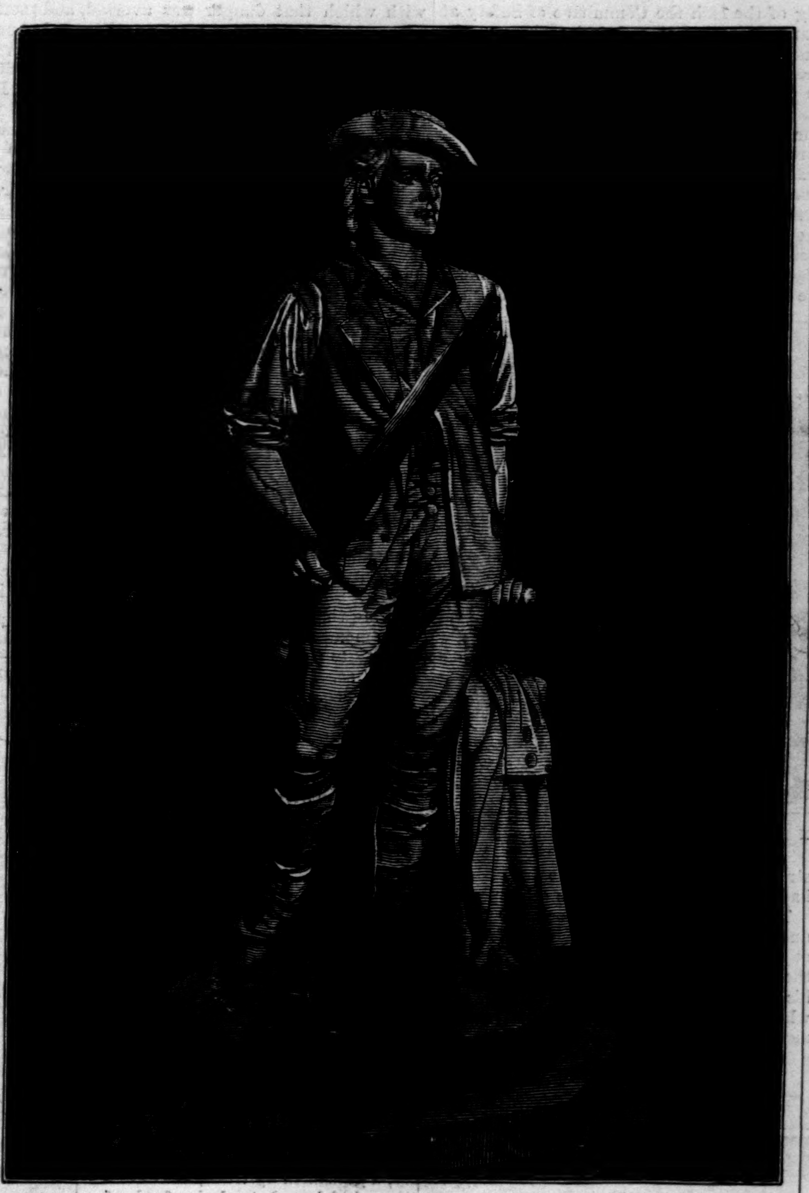
DELIVERED AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE 19th OF APRIL, 1875,
THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF "CONCORD FIGHT."

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

We are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over, the earth blossoms with renewed life, and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the contest which made that country independent. Here beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the Revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the People, by the People, for the People, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living—twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered—with prayer and eloquence and song you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change and the development of the country that the Revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind—they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was that before living memory they had been minute-men of American Independence. But with us how changed! War is no longer a tradition half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! it has wrung how many of the hearts before me! North and South we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded every where by multitudes in the vigor of their prime—behold them here to-day sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators, magistrates—yes, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic—whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. We can measure the sacrifice, the courage, the devotion, for we have seen them all. Green hills of Concord, broad fields of Middlesex, that heard the voice of Hancock and of Adams, you heard also the call of Lincoln and of Andrew, and your Ladd and Whitney, your Prescott and Ripley and Melvin, have revealed to us more truly the Davis and the Buttrick, the Hosmer and the Parker, of a hundred years ago.

The story of this old town is the history of New England. It shows us the people and the institutions that have made the American republic. Concord was the first settlement in New England above tidewater. It was planted directly from the mother country, and was what was called a mother town, the parent of other settlements throughout the wilderness. It was a military post in King Philip's war, and two hundred years ago—just a century before the minute-men whom we commemorate—the militia of Middlesex were organized as minute-men against the Indians. It is a Concord tradition that in those stern days, when the farmer tilled these fields at the risk of his life, Mary Shepard, a girl of fifteen, was watching on one of the hills the savages, while her brothers threshed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, slew the brothers, and carried her away. In the night, while the savages slept, she untied a horse which they had stolen, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua River, and rode through the forest home. Mary Shepard was the true ancestor of the Concord matrons who share the fame of this day—of Mrs. James Barrett, of the Widow Brown, of Mrs. Amos Wood, and Hannah Burns, with the other faithful women whose self-command and ready wit and energy on this great morning show that the mothers of New England were like the fathers, and that equally in both their children may reverence their own best virtues.



THE MINUTE-MAN.—[From the Statue by David C. French, of Concord.]

A little later than Philip's war, one hundred and eighty-six years ago last night, while some of the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay still lingered, when the news came that King James the Second had been dethroned, a company marched from this town and joined that general uprising of the colony which the next day—this very day—with old Simon Bradstreet at its head, deposed Sir Edmund Andros, the King's Governor, and restored the ancient charter of the colony. We demand only the traditional rights of Englishmen, said the English nobles, as they seated William and Mary upon the throne. We ask nothing more, said the freemen of Concord, as they helped to dissolve royal government in America, and returned to their homes. Eighty-five years later the first Provincial Congress, which had been called to meet at Concord if for any reason the General Court at Salem were obstructed, assembled in the old meeting-house on the 11th of October, 1774, the first independent Legislature in Massachusetts and America; and from that hour to this the old mother town has never forgotten the words nor forsworn the faith of the Revolution which had been proclaimed here six weeks before: "No danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate us; and if in support of our rights we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country."

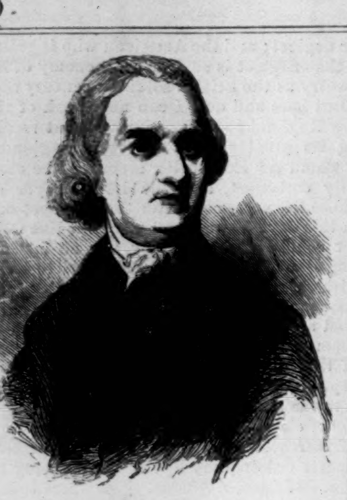
But the true glory of Concord, as of all New England, was the town-meeting, the nursery of American Independence. When the Revolution began, of the eight million of people then living in Old England only one hundred and sixty thousand were voters, while in New England the great mass of free male adults were electors. And they had been so from the landing at Plymouth. Here in the wilderness the settlers were forced to govern themselves. They could not constantly refer and appeal to another authority twenty miles away through the woods. Every day brought its duty that must be done before sunset. Roads must be made, schools built, young men trained to arms against the savages and the wildcat, taxes must be laid and collected for all common purposes, preaching must be maintained, and who could know the time, the means, and the necessity so well as the community itself? Thus each town was a little and a perfect republic, as solitary and secluded in the New England wilderness as the Swiss cantons among the Alps. No other practicable human institution has been devised or conceived to secure the just ends of local government so felicitous as the town-meeting. It brought together the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, and gave character, eloquence, and natural leadership full and free play. It enabled superior experience and sagacity to govern, and virtue and intelligence alone are rulers by divine right. The Tories called the resolution for committees of correspondence the source of the rebellion; but it was only a correspondence of town-meetings. From that correspondence came the confederation of the colonies. Out of that arose the closer majestic union of the Constitution, the greater phenix born from the ashes of the lesser, and the national power and prosperity to-day rest securely only upon the foundation of the primary meeting. That is where the duty of the citizens begins. Neglect of that is disloyalty to liberty. No contrivance will supply its place, no excuse absolve the neglect; and the American who is guilty of that neglect is as deadly an enemy of his country as the British soldier a century ago.

But here and now I can not speak of the New England town-meeting without recalling its great genius, the New Englander in whom the Revolution seemed to be most fully embodied, and the lofty prayer of whose life was answered upon this spot and on this day. He was not eloquent like Otis, nor scholarly like Quincy, nor all-fascinating like Warren, yet bound heart to heart with these great men, his friends, the plainest, simplest, austerest among them, he gathered all their separate gifts, and adding to them his own, fused the whole in the glow of that untiring energy, that unerring perception, that sublime will, which moved before the chosen people of the colonies a pillar of cloud by day, a fire by night. People of Massachusetts, your proud and grateful hearts outstrip my lips in pronouncing the name of Samuel Adams. Elsewhere to-day, nearer the spot where he stood with his immortal friend Hancock a hundred years ago this morning, a son of Massachusetts who bears the name of a friend of Samuel Adams, and whose own career has honorably illustrated the fidelity of your State to human liberty, will pay a fitting tribute to the true American tribune of the people—the father of the Revolution, as he was fondly called. But we also are his children and must not omit our duty.

Until 1768 Samuel Adams did not despair of a peaceful issue of the quarrel with Great Britain. But when in May of that year the British frigate *Romney* sailed into Boston harbor, and her shotted guns were trained upon the town, he saw that the question was changed. From that moment he knew that America must be free or slave, and the unceasing effort of his life, by day and night, with tongue and pen, was to nerve his fellow-colonists to strike when the hour should come. On that gray December evening, two years later, when he rose in the Old South, and in a clear, calm voice said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," and so gave the word for the march to the tea ships, he comprehended more clearly, perhaps, than any man in the colonies the immense and far-reaching consequences of his words. He was ready to throw the tea overboard because he was ready to throw overboard the King and Parliament of England.

During the ten years from the passage of the Stamp Act to the fight at Lexington and Concord, this poor man in an obscure provincial town beyond the sea was engaged with the British ministry in one of the mightiest contests that history records. Not a word in Parliament that he did not hear, not an act in the cabinet that he did not see. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile Order in Council with a British precedent, and arrayed against the government of Great Britain the battery of principles impregnable with the accumulated strength of centuries of British conviction. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the obsequious North, the reckless Hillsborough, the crafty Dartmouth, all the ermined and coroneted chiefs of the proudest aristocracy in the world, derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them; cheered loudly by a servile Parliament, the parasite of a headstrong King—and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably—King, Lords, Commons, the people of England and the people of America. Intrenched in his own honesty, the King's gold could not buy him. Enshrined in the love of his fellow-citizens, the King's writ could not take him. And when on this morning the King's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw beyond the clouds of the moment the rising sun of the America that we behold, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh! what a glorious morning!"

Yet this man held no office but that of Clerk of the Assembly, to which he was yearly elected, and that of constant Moderator of the town-meeting. This was his mighty weapon. The town-meeting was the alarm-bell with which he aroused the continent. It was the rapier with which he fenced with the ministry. It was the claymore with which he smote their counsels. It was the harp of a thousand strings that he swept into a burst of passionate defiance, or an electric call to arms, or a proud pæan of exulting triumph—defiance, challenge, and exultation all lifting the continent to independence. His indomitable will and command of the popular confidence played Boston against London, the provincial town-meeting against the royal Parliament, Faneuil Hall against St. Stephen's. And as long as the American town-meeting is known, its great genius will be revered, who with the town-meeting overthrew an empire. So long as Faneuil Hall stands, Samuel Adams will not want his most fit-

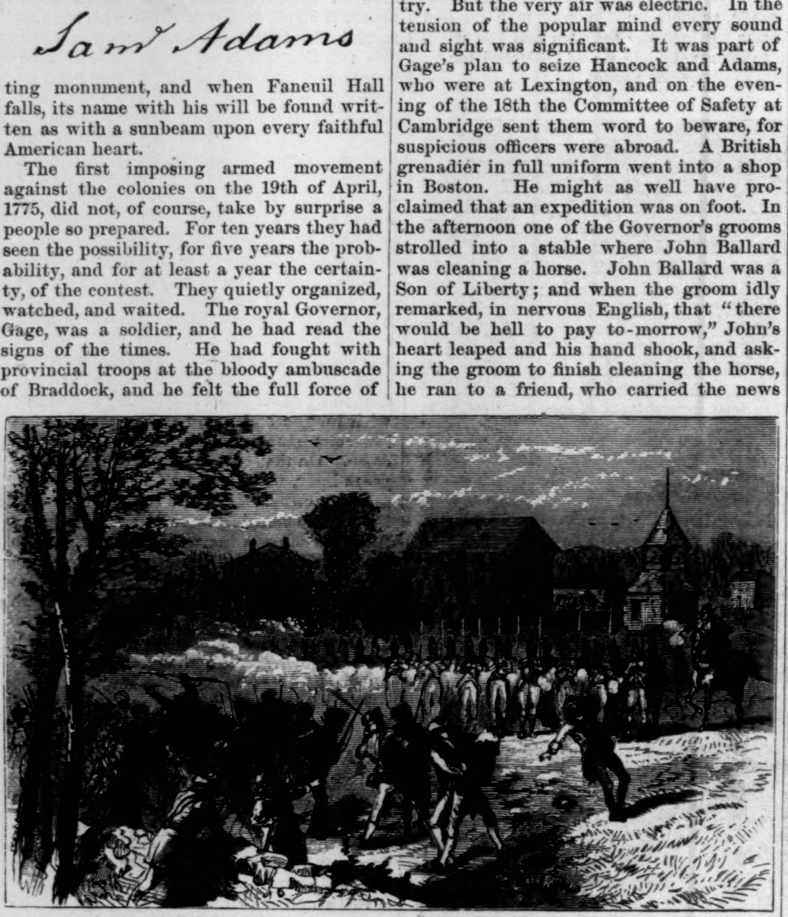


Sam' Adams

ting monument, and when Faneuil Hall falls, its name with his will be found written as with a sunbeam upon every faithful American heart.

The first imposing armed movement against the colonies on the 19th of April, 1775, did not, of course, take by surprise a people so prepared. For ten years they had seen the possibility, for five years the probability, and for at least a year the certainty, of the contest. They quietly organized, watched, and waited. The royal Governor, Gage, was a soldier, and he had read the signs of the times. He had fought with provincial troops at the bloody ambuscade of Braddock, and he felt the full force of the mighty determination that exalted New England. He had about four thousand effective troops, trained veterans, with brilliant officers, who despised and ridiculed the Yankee militia. Massachusetts had provided for a Constitutional army of fifteen thousand men. Minute companies were every where organized, and military supplies were deposited at convenient towns. Every body was on the alert. Couriers were held ready to alarm the country should the British march, and wagons to remove the stores. In the early spring Gage sent out some of his officers as spies, and two of them came in disguise as far as Concord. On the 22d of March the Provincial Congress met in this town, and made the last arrangements for a possible battle, begging the militia and minute-men to be ready, but to act only on the defensive.

As the spring advanced it was plain that some movement would be made, and on Monday, the 17th of April, the Committee of Safety ordered part of the stores deposited here to be removed to Sudbury and Groton, and the cannon to be secreted. On Tuesday, the 18th, Gage, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston into Middlesex to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind every sound and sight was significant. It was part of Gage's plan to seize Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, and on the evening of the 18th the Committee of Safety at Cambridge sent them word to beware, for suspicious officers were abroad. A British grenadier in full uniform went into a shop in Boston. He might as well have proclaimed that an expedition was on foot. In the afternoon one of the Governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard was a Son of Liberty; and when the groom idly remarked, in nervous English, that "there would be hell to pay to-morrow," John's heart leaped and his hand shook, and asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere, who told him he had already heard it from two other persons.



THE LEXINGTON MASSACRE.

That evening, at ten o'clock, 800 troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, took boat at the foot of the Common and crossed to the Cambridge shore. Gage thought that his secret had been kept, but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave the town. But Dr. Warren was before him, and as the troops crossed the river, Ebenezer Dorr, with a message from Warren to Hancock and Adams, was riding over the Neck to Roxbury, and Paul Revere was rowing over the river farther down to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend Robert Newman to show lanterns from the belfry of the Old North Church—

> "One, if by land, and two, if by sea"—

as a signal of the march of the British. Already the moon was rising, and while the troops were stealthily landing at Lechmere Point, their secret was flashed out into the April night, and Paul Revere, springing into the saddle upon the Charlestown shore, spurred away into Middlesex.

> "How far that little candle throws his beams!"

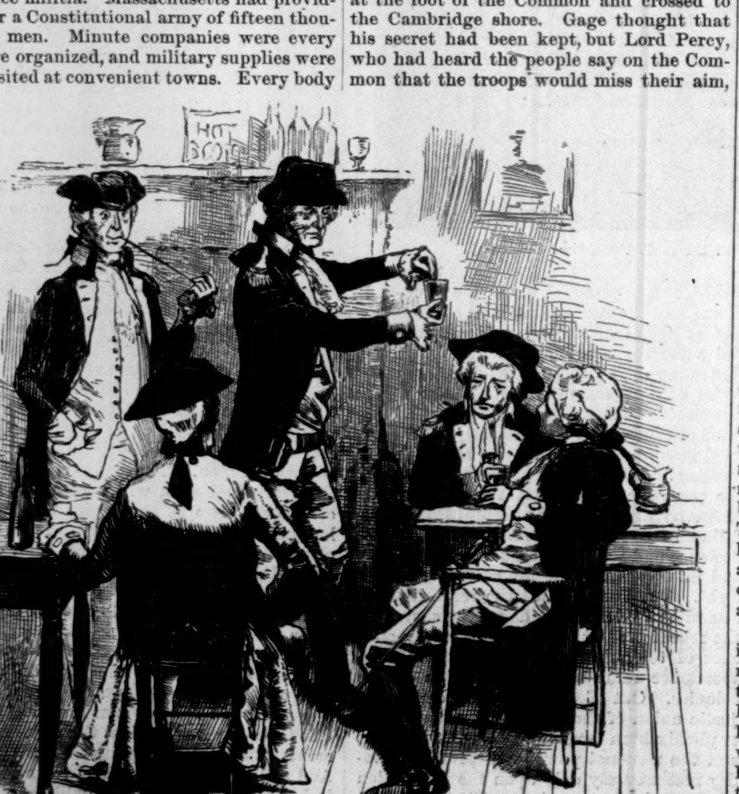
The modest spire yet stands, reverend relic of the old town of Boston, of those brave men and of their deeds. Startling the land that night with the warning of danger, let it remind the land forever of the patriotism with which that danger was averted, and for our children as for our fathers still stand secure, the pharos of American liberty.

It was a brilliant April night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with blossoming orchards. Already the robins whistled, the bluebird sang, and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went, spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news. Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal-guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore, wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born," so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, "Good-will to men: America is born!"

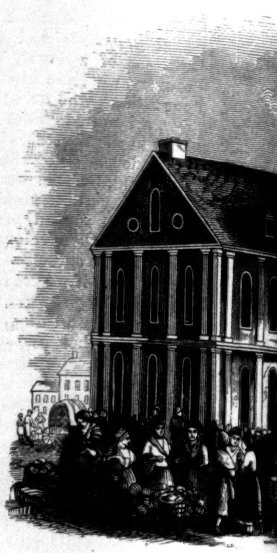
There is a tradition that long before the troops reached Lexington an unknown horseman thundered at the door of Captain Joseph Robbins, in Acton, waking every man and woman, and the babe in the cradle, shouting that the regulars were marching to Concord, and that the rendezvous was the old North Bridge. Captain Robbins's son, a boy of ten years, heard the summons in the garret where he lay, and in a few minutes was on his father's old mare, a young Paul Revere, galloping along the road to rouse Captain Isaac Davis, who commanded the minute-men of Acton. He was a young man of thirty, a gunsmith by trade, brave and thoughtful, and tenderly fond of his wife and four children. The company assembled at his shop, formed, and marched a little way, when he halted them and returned for a moment to his house. He said to his wife, "Take good care of the children," kissed her, turned to his men, gave the order to march, and saw his home no more. Such was the history of that night in how many homes! The hearts of those men and women of Middlesex might break, but they could not waver. They had counted the cost. They knew what and whom they served; and as the midnight summons came they started up and answered, "Here am I!"

Meanwhile the British bayonets, glistening in the moon, moved steadily along the road. Colonel Smith heard and saw that the country was aroused, and sent back to Boston for reinforcements, ordering Major Pitcairn with six companies to hasten forward and seize the bridges at Concord. Paul Revere and Dorr had reached Lexington by midnight, and had given the alarm. The men of Lexington instantly mustered on the green, but as there was no sign of the enemy, they were dismissed to await his coming. He was close at hand. Pitcairn swiftly advanced, seizing every man upon the road, and was not discovered until half past four in the morning, within a mile or two of Lexington meeting-house. Then there was a general alarm. The bell rang, drums beat, guns fired, and sixty or seventy of the Lexington militia were drawn up in line upon the green, Captain John Parker at their head. The British bayonets, glistening in the dawn, moved rapidly toward them. Pitcairn rode up, and angrily ordered the militia to surrender and disperse. But they held their ground. The troops fired over their heads. Still the militia stand. Then a deadly volley blazed from the British line, and eight of the Americans fell dead and ten wounded at the doors of their homes and in sight of their kindred. Captain Parker, seeing that it was massacre, not battle, ordered his men to disperse. They obeyed, some firing upon the enemy. The British troops, who had suffered little, with a loud huzza of victory pushed on toward Concord, six miles beyond.

Four hours before, Paul Revere and Ebenezer Dorr had left Lexington to rouse Concord, and were soon overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of that town, who had been to Lexington upon a tender errand. A British patrol captured Revere and Dorr, but Prescott leaped a stone wall and dashed on to Concord. Between one and two o'clock in the morning Amos Melvin, the sentinel at the court-house, rang the bell and roused the town. He sprang of heroic stock. One of his family thirty years before had commanded a company at Louisburg and another at Crown Point, while four brothers of the same family served in the late war, and the honored names of the three who perished are carved upon your soldiers' monument. When the bell rang, the first man that appeared was William Emerson, the minister, with his gun in his hand. It was his faith that the scholar should be the minute-man of liberty, a faith which his descendants have piously cherished and illustrated before the world. The minute-men gathered hastily upon the Common. The citizens, hurrying from their homes, secreted the military stores. Messengers were sent to the neighboring villages, and the peaceful town prepared for battle. The minute-men of Lincoln, whose captain was William Smith, and whose lieutenant was Samuel Hoar, a name not unknown in Middlesex, in Massachusetts, and in the country, and wherever known still honored for the noblest qualities of the men of the Revolution, had joined the Concord militia and minute-men, and part of them had marched down the Lexington road to reconnoitre. Seeing the British, they fell back toward the hill over the road at the entrance of the village, upon which stood the liberty-pole.



MAJOR PITCAIRN STIRRING HIS BRANDY.



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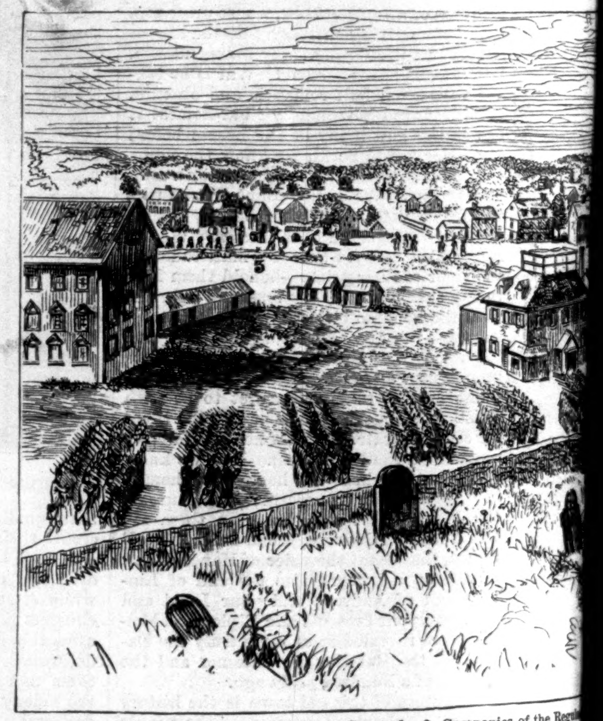

1. Companies of the Regulars marching into Concord. 2. Companies of the Regu and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials, who were mustering on

THE BRITISH TROOPS ON CONCO

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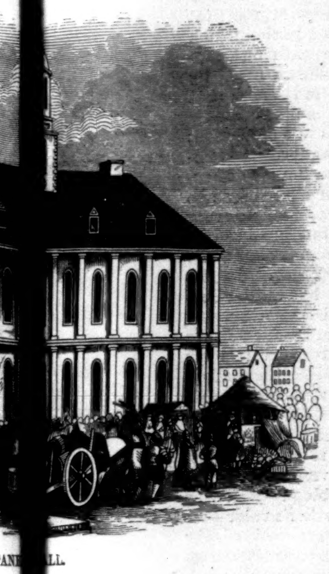

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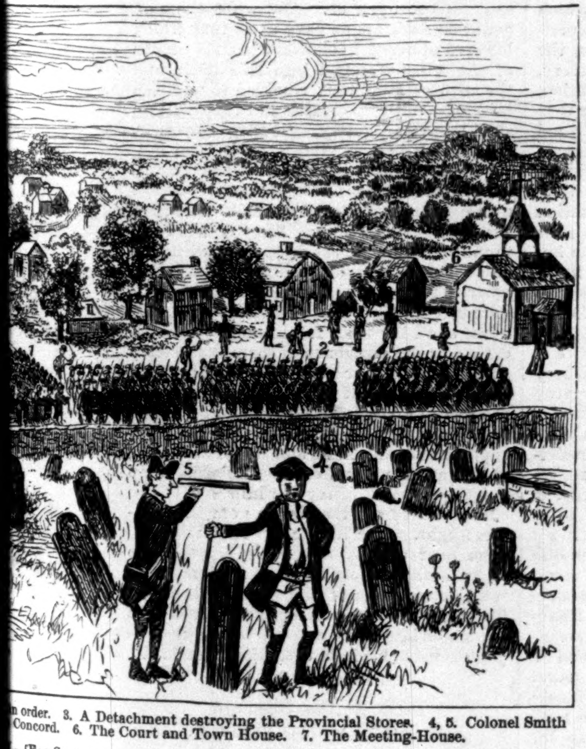

n order. 3. A Detachment destroying the Provincial Stores. 4, 5. Colonel Smith
Concord. 6. The Court and Town House. 7. The Meeting-House.
.—[Fac-Simile of an old Engraving.]

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the flag on which George Whitefield had written, "Nil desperandum Cristo Duce"—Never despair while Christ is Captain; and those words the children of the Puritans had written on their hearts. As the minute-men from the other towns arrived they joined the force upon the rising ground near the North Bridge, where they were drawn into line by Joseph Hosmer, of Concord, who acted as adjutant. By nine o'clock some five hundred men were assembled, and a consultation of officers and chief citizens was held. That group of Middlesex farmers, here upon Punkatasset, without thought that they were heroes, or that the day and its deeds were to be so momentous, is a group as memorable as the men of Rütli on the Swiss Alps, or the barons in the meadow of Runnymede. They confronted the mightiest empire in the world, invincible on land, supreme on the sea, whose guns had just been heard in four continents at once, girdling the globe with victory. And that empire was their mother-land, in whose renown they had shared—the land dear to their hearts by a thousand ties of love, pride, and reverence. They took a sublime and awful responsibility. They could not know that the other colonies, or even their neighbors of Massachusetts, would justify their action. There was as yet no Declaration of Independence, no Continental army. There was, indeed, a general feeling that a blow would soon be struck, but to mistake the time, the place, the way, might be to sacrifice the great cause itself, and to ruin America. But their conscience and their judgment assured them that the hour had come. Before them lay their homes, and on the hill beyond, the grave-yard in which their forefathers slept. A guard of the King's troops opposed their entrance to their own village. Those troops were at that moment searching their homes, perhaps insulting their wives and children. Already they saw the smoke as of burning houses rising in the air, and they resolved to march into the town and to fire upon the troops if they were opposed. They resolved upon organized, aggressive, forcible resistance to the military power of Great Britain, the first that had been offered in the colonies. All unconsciously every heart beat time to the music of the slave's epitaph in the grave-yard that overhung the town:

> "God wills us free; man wills us slaves;
> I will as God wills: God's will be done."

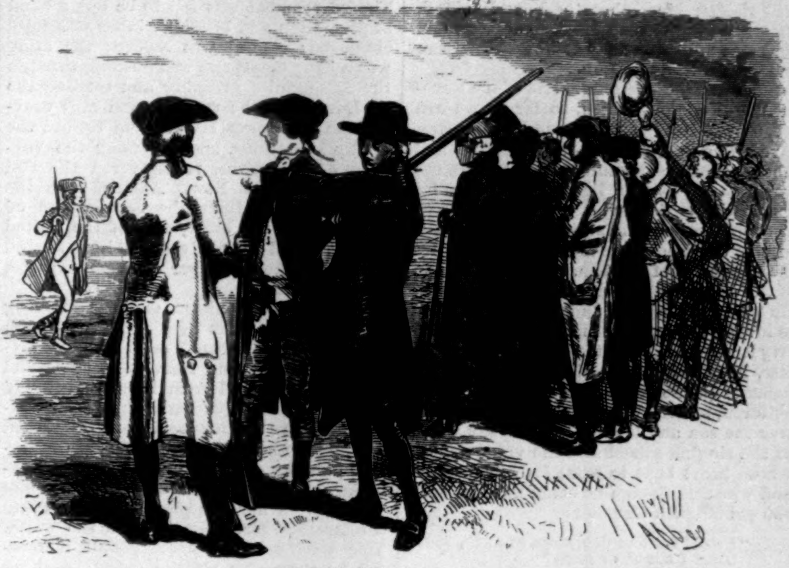
Isaac Davis, of Acton, drew his sword, turned toward his company, and said, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." Colonel Barrett, of Concord, gave the order to march. In double file and with trailed arms the men moved along the causeway, the Acton company in front, Major John Buttrick, of Concord, Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Robertson, of Westford, leading the way. As they approached the bridge the British forces withdrew across it and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick ordered his men to hasten their march. As they came within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge a shot was fired by the British which wounded Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men, and Luther Blanchard, fifer of the Acton company. A British volley followed, and Isaac Davis, of Acton, making a way for his countrymen like Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach, fell dead, shot through the heart. By his side fell his friend and neighbor, Abner Hosmer, a youth of twenty-two. Seeing them fall, Major Buttrick turned to his men, and raising his hand, cried, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" John Buttrick gave the word. The cry rang along the line. The Americans fired. The Revolution began! It began here. Let us put off the shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

One of the British was killed, several were wounded, and they retreated in confusion toward the centre of the village. The engagement was doubtless seen by Smith and Pitcairn from the grave-yard hill that overlooked the town, and the shots were heard by all the searching parties, which immediately returned in haste and disorder. Colonel Smith instantly prepared to retire, and at noon, one hundred years ago at this hour, the British columns marched out of yonder square. Then and there began the retreat of British power from the American colonies. Through seven weary and wasting years it continued. From Bunker Hill to Long Island; from Princeton, Trenton, and Saratoga; from the Brandywine, Monmouth, and King's Mountain; through the bloody snow at Valley Forge, through the treachery of Arnold and of Lee, through cabals and doubt, and poverty and despair; but steadily urged by one great heart that strengthened the continent—the heart of George Washington—the British retreat went on from Concord Bridge and Lexington Green to the plains of Yorktown and the King's acknowledgment of American Independence.

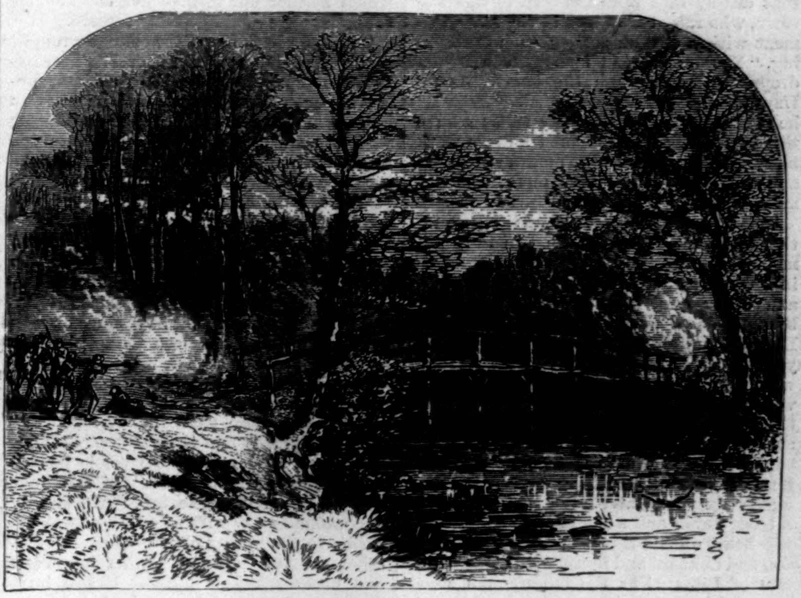
Of the beginning of this retreat, of that terrible march of the exhausted troops from this square to Boston, I have no time fitly to tell the tale. Almost as soon as it began all Massachusetts was in motion. William Prescott mustered his regiment of minute-men at Pepperell, and Timothy Pickering at Salem and Marblehead. Dedham left no man behind between the ages of sixteen and seventy. The minute-men of Worcester marched out of the town one way as the news went out the other, and, flying over the mountains, sent Berkshire to Bunker Hill. Meanwhile the men of Concord and the neighborhood, following the British over the bridge, ran along the heights above the Lexington road and posted themselves to await the enemy. The retreating British column, with wide-sweeping flankers, advanced steadily and slowly. No drum beat, no fife blew. There was the hushed silence of intense expectation. As the troops passed Merriam's Corner, a little beyond Concord, and the flank guard was called in, they turned suddenly and fired upon the Americans. The minute-men and militia instantly returned the fire, and the battle began that lasted until sunset.

When Colonel Smith ordered the retreat, although he and his officers may have had some misgivings, they had probably lost them in the contempt of regulars for the militia. But from the moment of the firing at Merriam's Corner they were undeceived. The landscape was alive with armed men. They swarmed through every wood path and by-way, across the pastures, and over the hills. Some came up in order along the roads, as from Reading and Billerica, from East Sudbury and Bedford, and John Parker's company from Lexington waited in a woody defile to avenge the death of their comrades. The British column marched steadily on, while from trees, rocks, and fences, from houses, barns, and sheds, blazed the withering American fire. The hills echoed and flashed. The woods rang. The road became an endless ambuscade of flame. The Americans seemed to the appalled British troops to drop from the clouds, to spring from the earth. With every step the attack was deadlier, the danger more imminent. For some time discipline and the plain extremity of the peril sustained the order of the British line. But the stifling clouds of dust, the consuming thirst, the exhaustion of utter fatigue, the wagons full of wounded men moaning and dying, madly pressing through the ranks to the front, the constant falling of their comrades, officers captured and killed, and through all the fatal and incessant shot of an unseen foe, smote with terror that haughty column, which, shrinking, bleeding, wavering, reeled through Lexington panic-stricken and broken. The officers, seeing the dire extremity, fought their way to the front, and threatened the men with death if they advanced. The breaking line recoiled a little, and even steadied under one of the sharpest attacks of the day. For not as yet were Hessians hired to enslave Americans, and it was English blood and pluck on both sides. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a half mile beyond Lexington meeting-house, just as the English officers saw that destruction or surrender was the only alternative, Lord Percy with a reinforcement of twelve hundred men came up, and opening with two cannons upon the Americans, succored his flying and desperate comrades, who fell upon the ground among Percy's troops, their parched tongues hanging from their mouths.

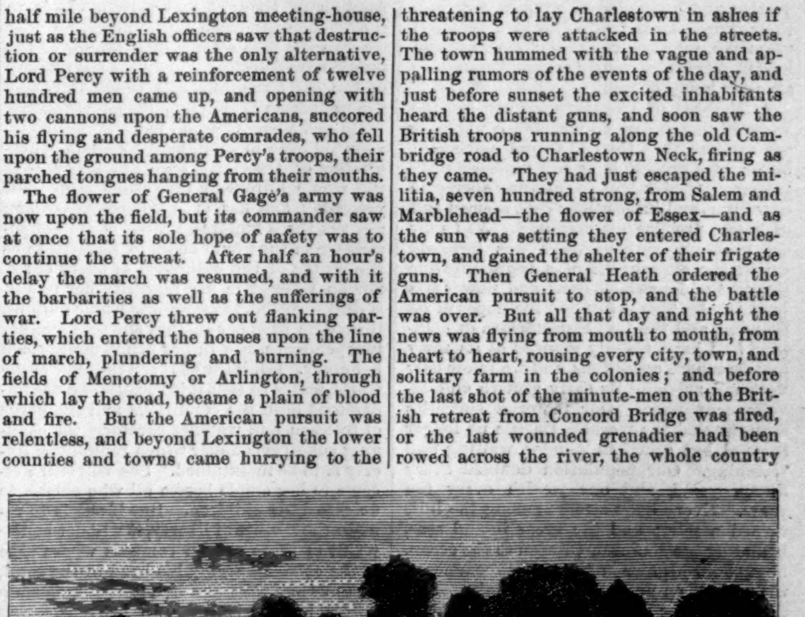
The flower of General Gage's army was now upon the field, but its commander saw at once that its sole hope of safety was to continue the retreat. After half an hour's delay the march was resumed, and with it the barbarities as well as the sufferings of war. Lord Percy threw out flanking parties, which entered the houses upon the line of march, plundering and burning. The fields of Menotomy or Arlington, through which lay the road, became a plain of blood and fire. But the American pursuit was relentless, and beyond Lexington the lower counties and towns came hurrying to the battle. Many a man afterward famous was conspicuous that day, and near West Cambridge Joseph Warren was the inspiring soul of the struggle. It was now past five o'clock. The British ammunition was giving out. The officers, too much exposed in the saddle, alighted and marched with the men, who, as they approached Charlestown, encountered the hottest fire of the day. General Gage had learned the perilous extremity of his army from a messenger sent by Percy, and had issued a proclamation threatening to lay Charlestown in ashes if the troops were attacked in the streets. The town hummed with the vague and appalling rumors of the events of the day, and just before sunset the excited inhabitants heard the distant guns, and soon saw the British troops running along the old Cambridge road to Charlestown Neck, firing as they came. They had just escaped the militia, seven hundred strong, from Salem and Marblehead—the flower of Essex—and as the sun was setting they entered Charlestown, and gained the shelter of their frigate guns. Then General Heath ordered the American pursuit to stop, and the battle was over. But all that day and night the news was flying from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, rousing every city, town, and solitary farm in the colonies; and before the last shot of the minute-men on the British retreat from Concord Bridge was fired, or the last wounded grenadier had been rowed across the river, the whole country



"LET US STAND OUR GROUND."



THE CONCORD FIGHT—THE RUDE BRIDGE.



"BURNING BUSH"—THE TWO MONUMENTS.